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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND ★

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December

tte Davis,
rol Flynn
in
e Sisters"

At
Last—

he REAL Truth about
Iollywood Stars' Dieting

Why Margaret Sullavan
Will Forsake Screen
For Motherhood

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

"Well, I certainly did my smile no favor—Neglecting that tinge of 'pink'!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE



Foolish, foolish you! The loveliest smile in the world grows dim if neglected. And you neglected yours.

Oh yes you did! Of course you brushed your teeth every day. But you never gave a thought to your gums, did you? You suspected that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush meant trouble, but you just didn't bother!

Well, today you're going to see your dentist (it's the sensible thing to do)! Today you're going to learn that gums as well as teeth need special care! And if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage you're going to follow his advice—if you want to recapture that lovely, appealing, winning smile!

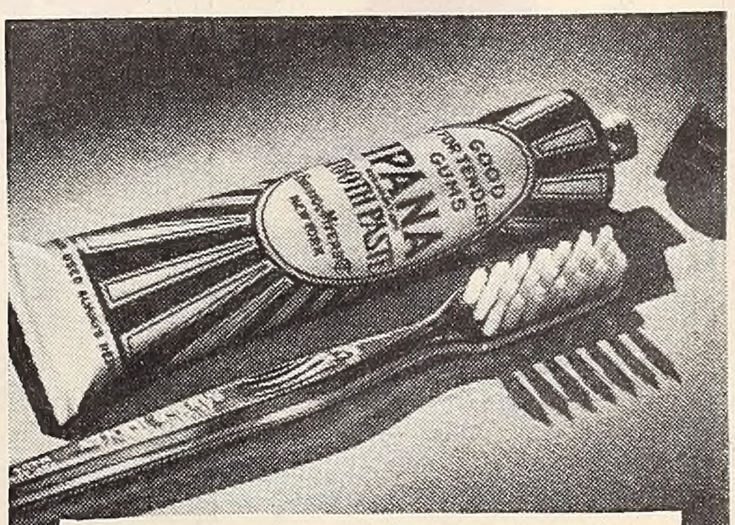
Guard Against "Pink Tooth Brush" And Protect Your Smile

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* Let him decide if there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll say your gums are simply *lazy*—that they need more *work* to help keep them firm and strong.

All too frequently our modern foods are too soft, too well-cooked to give our gums the stimulation they need for better health. Understand this—and you'll appreciate why modern dentists so frequently advise the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer—more resistant to trouble.

Don't risk your smile! Get a famous and economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to keep your smile a winning smile!



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



OUT OF A GREAT BOOK

. . . Comes A Thrilling Dramatic Motion Picture!

"Beautiful Women will never let you starve, doctor— just cultivate a bedside manner!"

Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted . . . a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN
THE CITADEL
A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with RALPH RICHARDSON
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

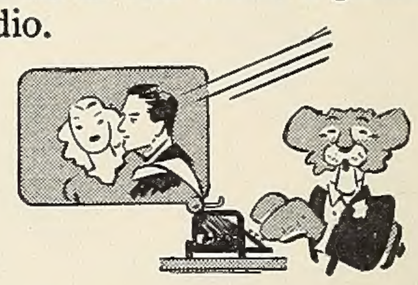
The LION'S ROAR



With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



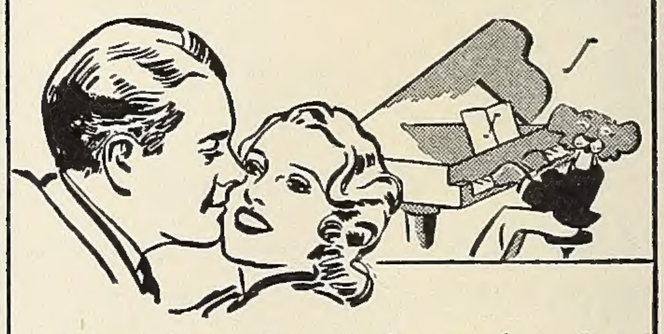
The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Forecast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

NOV -7 1938

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative — TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor — FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

December, 1938 — Vol. XXXVIII, No. 2

A Message from the Publisher— TO YOU

With this issue, SCREENLAND, The Smart Screen Magazine, goes on sale for the first time at 10¢.

In making this drastic reduction in price, we are making another drastic move—giving you a better, a more beautiful and lavish magazine than ever before. In this issue our Editor, Delight Evans, inaugurates an important new policy not only in price but in interest and appeal. Far from giving you less for the new price of 10¢ we are giving you MORE.

More in human interest—finer stories by the best writers on Hollywood—bigger and finer photographs. More in appeal in every way because of a keener approach, a fresh, more modern presentation on every page.

We're not promising, we're presenting in this issue a better SCREENLAND than you've ever had before. And we can't let this opportunity pass without telling you, here and now, what you may expect in future issues of SCREENLAND—and at the new low price of 10¢. A big contest to be announced in an early issue—a contest you won't be able to resist entering. A lineup of "name" writers, to give you a lively new slant on the motion picture scene and its many vivid personalities. Sensational new covers, especially posed.

Giving you this new and finer SCREENLAND for 10¢ will be possible only if you like it and continue to buy it—and if you like it well enough to tell all your friends about it, and urge them to buy and enjoy SCREENLAND with you. When you have read this issue—tell two of your friends about it.

Thank you—we'll be meeting again next month.

PAUL HUNTER,
PUBLISHER.

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V. G. Heimbucher, President — Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher — D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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When Ronald Colman, as Francois Villon, poet-rogue, hero of Frank Lloyd's crowning achievement, "If I Were King," makes love gallantly, tenderly to beautiful Frances Dee and Ellen Drew, you'll agree with Jimmie Fidler and all the other Hollywood critics that this is the grandest of screen romances.

love . . . .

IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your
pearls upon a string
The world a ruby for your
finger ring . . . ”

Adolph Zukor presents

Ronald Colman

in Frank Lloyd's

“IF I WERE KING”

with Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone

Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon

Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd

Screen Play by Preston Sturges

From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





“Men With Wings”. . the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created “Nothing Sacred” and “A Star is Born!”



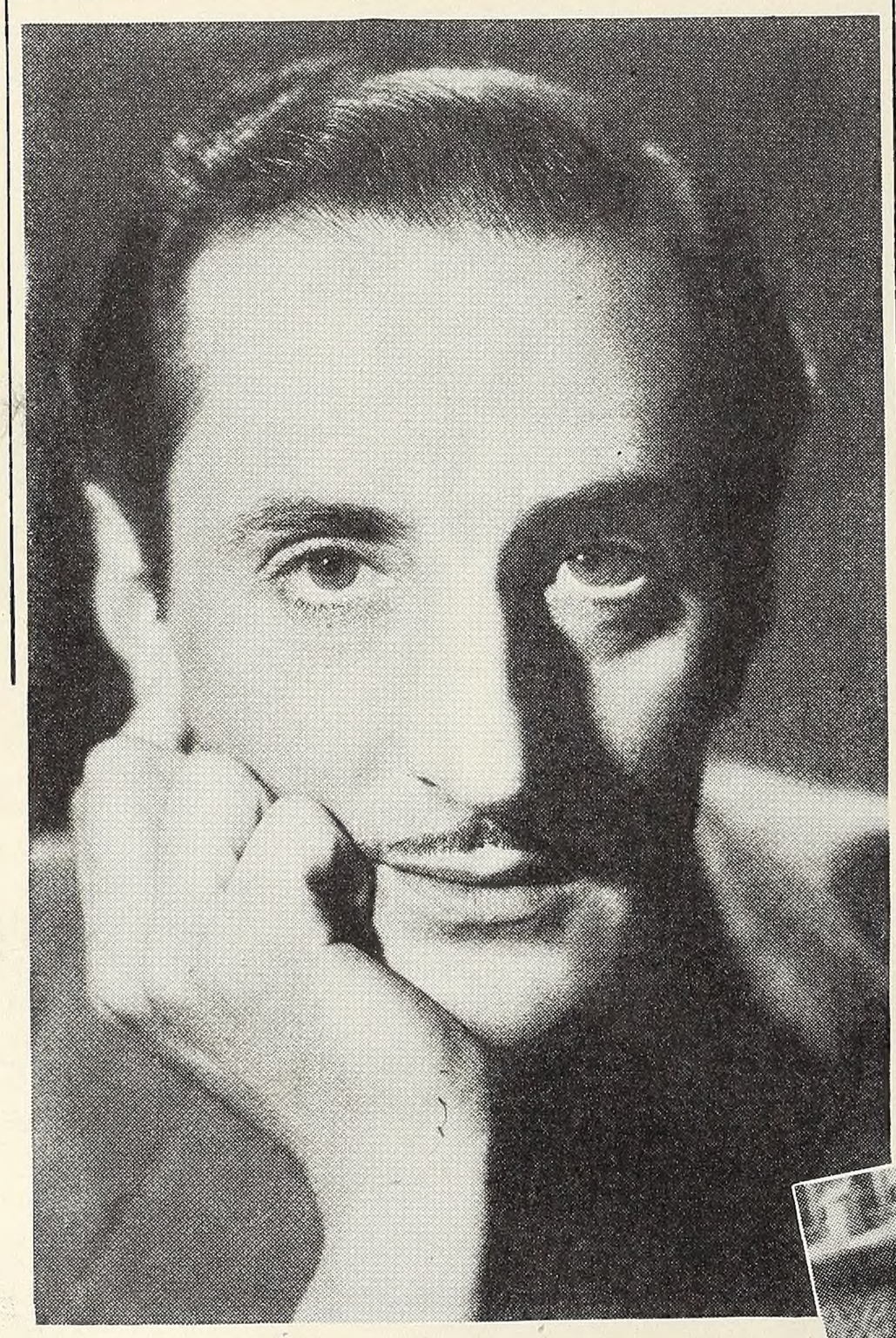
“Escape From Leavenworth”. . Paramount's punch' packed adventure yarn, formerly titled “The Last Ride,” is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you've not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn't tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff's top role.



ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
when these
Paramount Hits Play

SCREENLAND FOR MONTH'S FINEST ACTING HONOR PAGE

Our special award to Basil Rathbone—most colorful of the few true mummers of the movies, whose penetrating portrait of Louis XI in "If I Were King" is latest and best in his own gallery of glittering cinema performances.





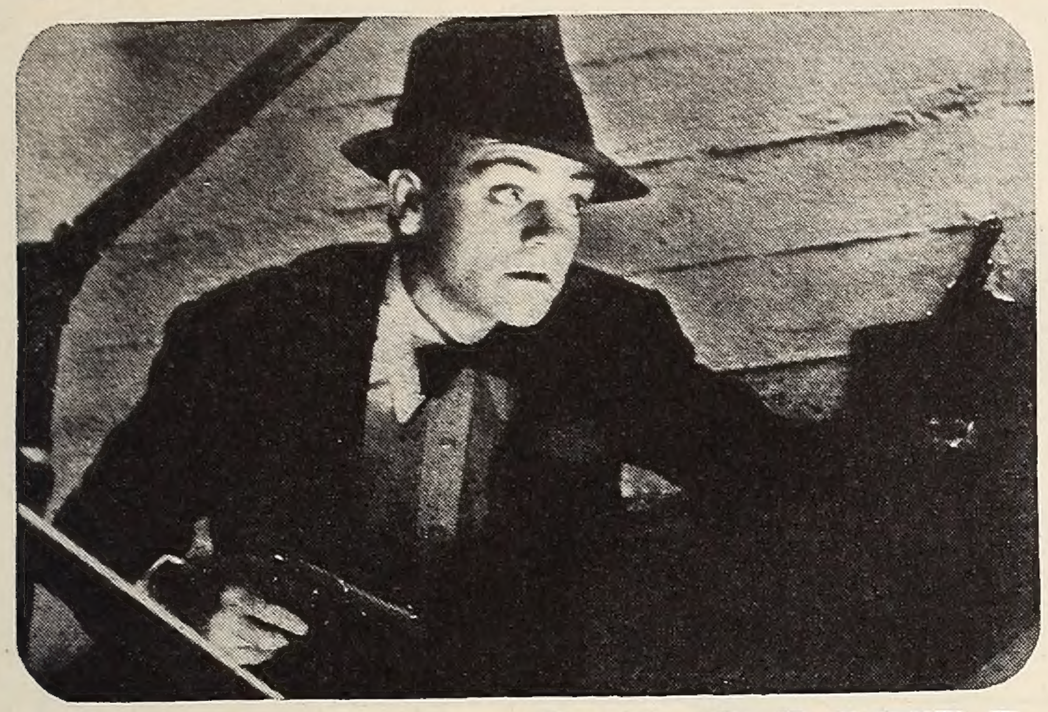
At left, Basil Rathbone, by himself. Above, portrait of "the Spider King," also by Rathbone. Incomparable actor, Basil Rathbone never portrays himself, although he is a fascinating personality in his own right. Below, a scene between Ronald Colman as FRANCOIS VILLON, Rathbone as LOUIS XI, in "If I Were King."



RATHBONE is the real artist. From his stage *Romeo* to Katharine Cornell's *Juliet*, through a succession of good, bad, and indifferent screen rôles, to his current characterization of the wily Spider Monarch in Paramount's rousing spectacle, "If I Were King," is a mere graceful bound in buskin for Basil Rathbone—and yet it encompasses the full range of a true actor's art. So well grounded in technique that he can play hero or villain with equal dexterity, Rathbone is also, although picture producers have yet to realize it, potentially a mighty "box office" personality—his abundant vitality, boundless enthusiasm, and most of all his priceless spiritual heritage of artistic integrity are all too rarely encountered in the cinema workshops. A lighter Laughton, a more full-bodied Barrymore—here's Rathbone, romantic mummer in the great tradition!

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky **. . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get —until they get me!**



PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly **. . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"**



THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves **. . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!**

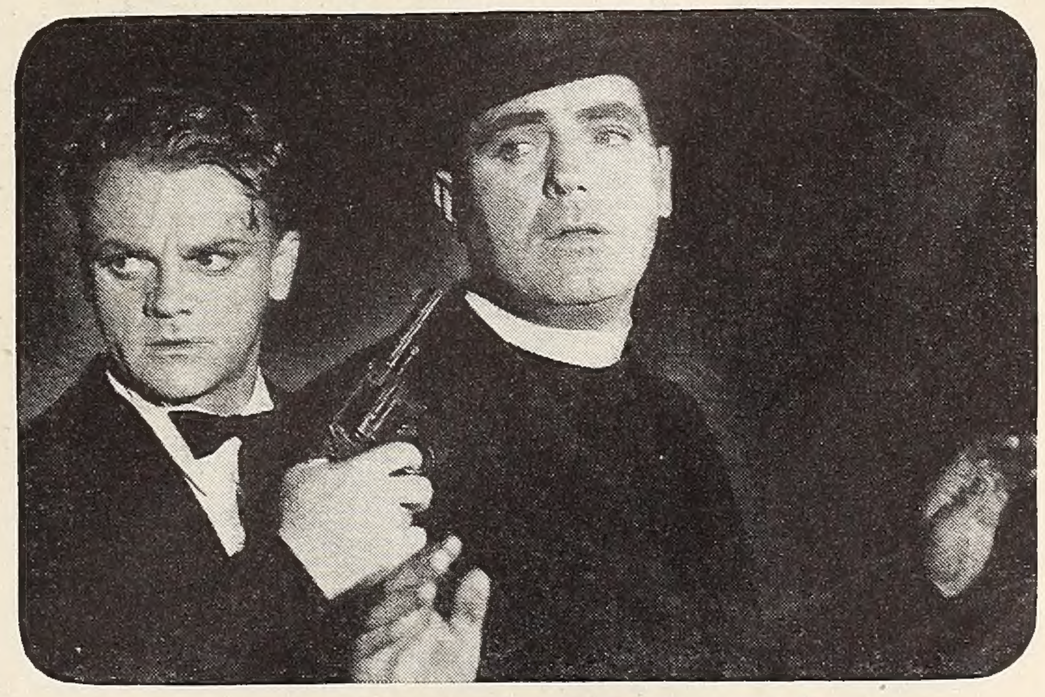


HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece **. . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"**



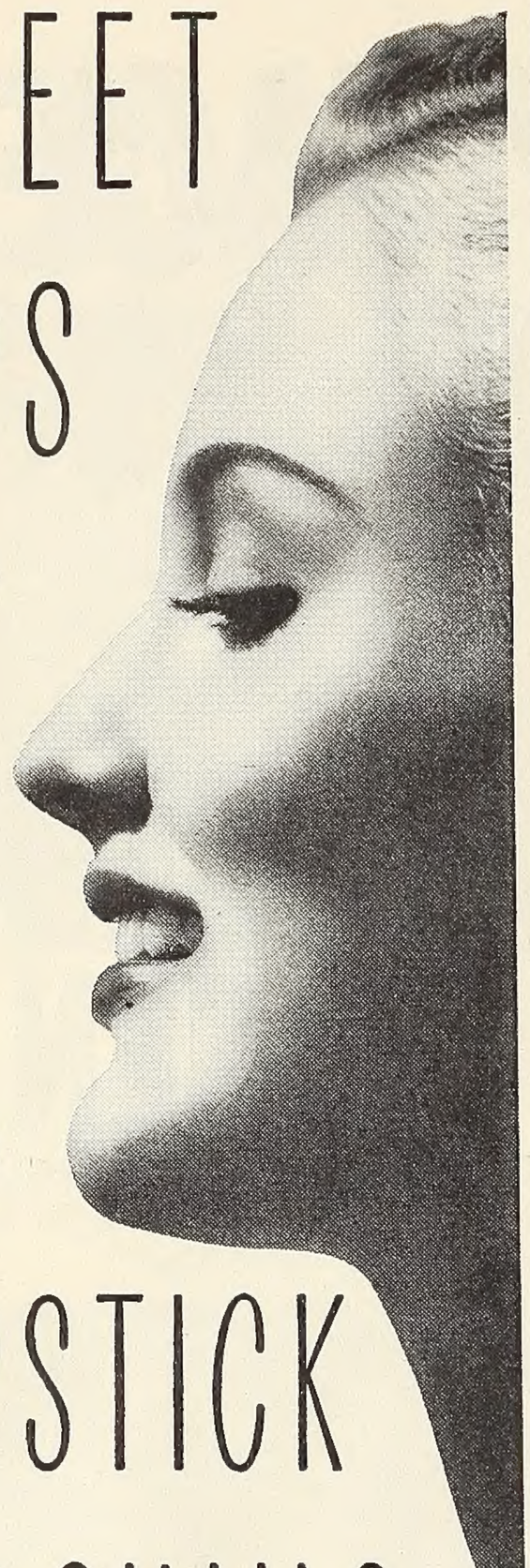
ANN SHERIDAN ***as Laury*** **. . . "I'm Rocky's girl —so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"**



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From A First National Picture

Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.



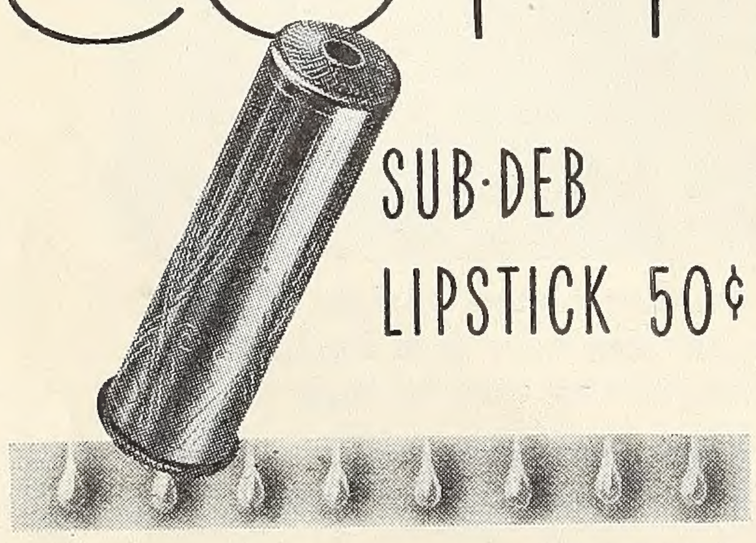
"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft... as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Spun" Rouge To Match... Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of *air* blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

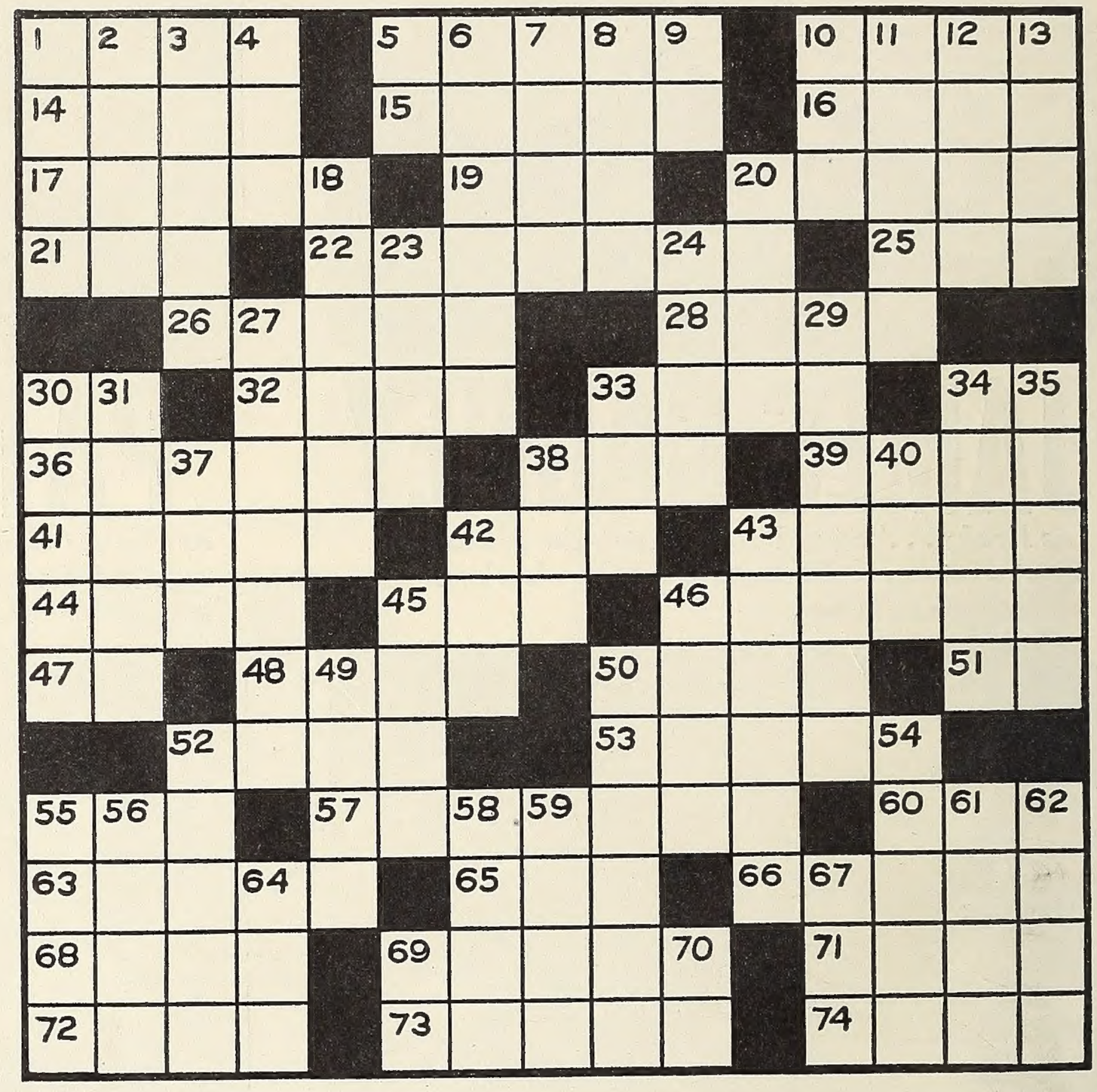
COTY



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. He's with Ginger again in "Carefree"
5. Co-star in "Too Hot to Handle"
10. The prosecutor in "Racket Busters"
14. Military assistant
15. Constellation
16. Traditional knowledge
17. Star of "Three Blind Mice"
19. "- - - Love I'm After," a movie
20. His new one is "Four's A Crowd"
21. And so forth (abbrev.)
22. She's featured in "Four's A Crowd"
25. An S-shaped worm
26. To rub out
28. Ballet teacher in "You Can't Take It With You."
30. Continent (abbrev.)
32. Frozen desserts
33. Hand-to-hand fight between two people
34. Part of the verb to be
36. Ingenue in "The Gladiator"
38. Bobby Breen's grown-up pal in "Hawaii Calls"
39. A well-bred woman
41. Star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
42. Comic star of "The Gladiator"
43. Steamship
44. Knot
45. Cooking container
46. To pin or attach
47. Either
48. Water from the skies
50. Patron saint of sailors
51. Pa's wife
52. Fermented grain
53. Chestnut-colored horses
55. Article
57. She plays "Marie Antoinette"
60. Sick
63. One of the Marx Brothers
65. A wing-like part
66. Juliet's lover
68. Island
69. She's featured in "Army Girl"
71. She stars in opera and movies
72. To boil
73. Darns
74. Finishes

DOWN

1. Co-star of "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
2. Uproar
3. To draw out
4. Cozy retreat
5. "- - West, Young Man," a movie
6. Comes up
7. Small rôles in movies
8. To mislay
9. Printers' measure
10. Everyone
11. Co-star in "Algiers"
12. Sea-eagles
13. Part of a movie camera
18. She's famous for dunce rôles (as in "College Swing")
20. Chimney
23. Employs
24. To praise
27. Mediterranean resort district
29. Latin teacher in "Mother Carey's Chickens"
30. Typist (slang)
31. Passion
33. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
34. To revoke, as a legacy
35. Co-star of "Too Hot to Handle"
37. To sum up
38. Negative
40. Insect
42. The hero in "Hurricane"
43. She co-stars in "Algiers"
45. Gist
46. Ice berg
49. Too
50. A commission
52. Star of "The Divorce of Lady X"
54. Star of "Josette"
55. Demonstrative pronoun
56. Has (Biblical)
58. Roof edge
59. He's featured in "Valley of the Giants"
61. Loan
62. Deprivation
64. Church bench
67. Open (poetic)
69. Printers' measure
70. Steamship (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

R	A	Y	E		I	T	S		A	R	M	
A	B	E	L		S	H	I	R	L	E	Y	
F	L	A	M	E		E	M	I	T	S		
T	E	R		L	A		O	D	E		A	M
		N	E	L	S	O	N		R	O	G	E
A	L		L	I	K	E				P	O	L
N	A	V	E	S		R	I	D	G	E		
I	D	E	A				R	O	E			
T	E	E	N	S		B	E	T	T	E		
A	D		O	T	T	O				W	H	E
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A	D	O		N	O		W	A	R		E	L
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E	D	D	A		L	O	R	E	T	T	A	
S	E	A	T		O	W	N		A	Y	S	

N												
E	L	S	O	N		R	O	G	E	R	S	
						P	O	L	O		A	N
		R	I	D	G	E		L	O	R	R	E
			R	O	E				T	A	L	E
		B	E	T	T	E		M	I	N	E	D
					W	H	E	N		N	Y	
					G	E	O	R	G	E		
		W	A	R		E	L		R	A	P	
		B	O	L	E	S		E	A	R	L	Y
L	O	R	E	T	T	A		R	O	A	R	
	O	W	N		A	Y	S		E	L	S	E

7 GREAT PERSONALITIES



JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE
GODDARD
In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs Topper"

Selznick International

presents

JANET
GAYNOR

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE
GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with

ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. *Released thru United Artists*



RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality



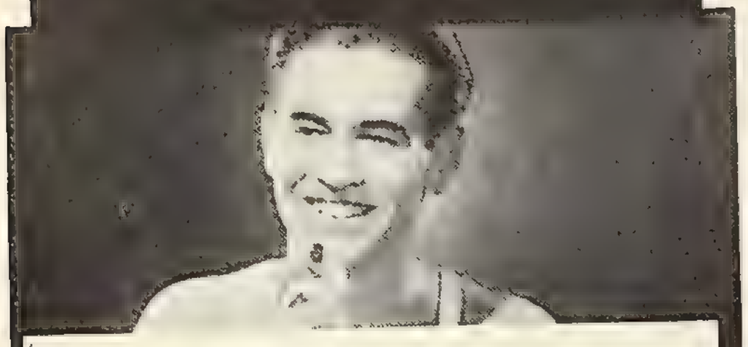


MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance

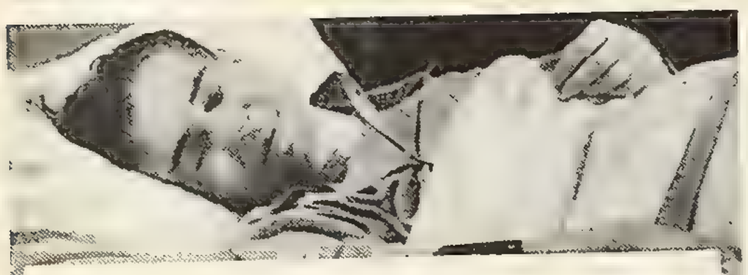
From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," *by L. A. R. Wylie*

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

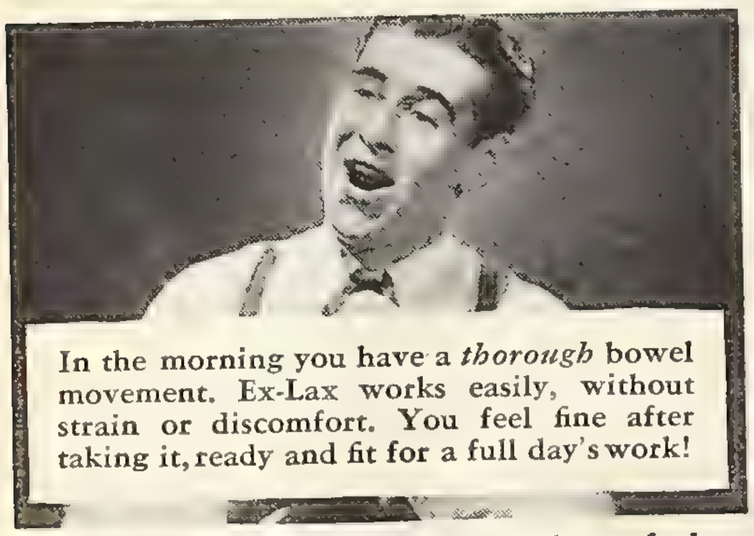
Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!



You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!



In the morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

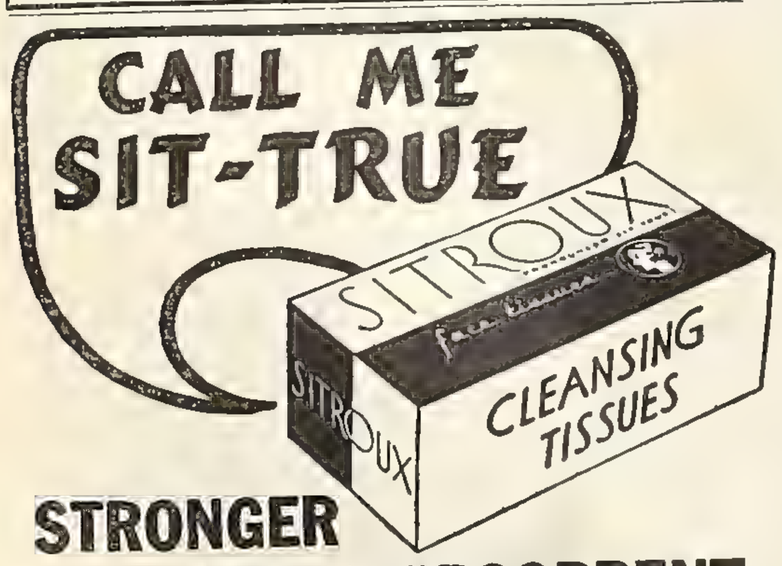
J. CHAS. McNEIL

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

BACHELOR OF MUSIC

4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT

AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



Jacqueline Wells Serves Appetizing Christmas Dishes

By Betty Boone

THERE'S a luxuriant growth of rich purple lantana hanging over the brick wall before Jacqueline Wells' white house. It's the only touch of color, except the green of the grass and the twin potted trees, but it helped to make a picture pretty enough for a Christmas card as I came up the walk.

Jackie herself, as she greeted me, looked so gay and festive I wasn't at all surprised when she started right off talking about her plans for the holiday season. She looked like a lovely, slightly larger edition of the Dresden china figures she collects, in new and modern mold, wearing a hostess gown of white taffeta hand-painted in blue cornflowers, scarlet poppies, and yellow daisies. "I'll tell you what's good during the Christmas season especially—it's so pretty!—Christmas appetizers made with Knox gelatine, and tomatoes—such nice color—" she was rushing on and showing me over her home at the same time.

The living room is beige and brown, with music on the piano, books ready to hand, comfortable chairs and lamps in the right spots for readers. A cabinet holds three shelves of Jackie's pet Dresden figures. We wandered on to the dining room, also in beige and brown. "It's very small, but my favorite way of entertaining is to have one or two couples to dinner and then sit around and talk. Now, particularly at the holiday season, I'll be having small groups in. And let me tell you just how I have Vicky, my marvelous maid, make those Christmas appetizers:"

CHRISTMAS APPETIZERS

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups Gerber's canned or fresh tomatoes
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup cucumber, chopped
½ cup celery, chopped

Soften gelatine in cold water. Put tomatoes through strainer, add horseradish, salt and onion juice. Dissolve softened gelatine over hot water and add to tomatoes. Mix thoroughly and cool. When mixture begins to thicken, add cucumber and celery chopped very fine. Pour into flat pan that has been rinsed out with cold water first. Chill in refrigerator. When firm, unmold and cut in rounds or other desired fancy shapes. Serve on crackers, rounds of toast or on other pastry. May be garnished with mayonnaise and slice of stuffed olive if desired.

"My idea of a good dinner," went on Jackie, "is something substantial, like a fine turkey, a roast of lamb, or a prime rib roast of beef. Vicky serves the vegetables all on the same platter with the meat, in informal fashion which I happen to like very much. When we have turkey, and we certainly will for Christmas Day dinner, there's a new cranberry ice made with Knox's, that we are serving this year. Try it yourself—I recommend it."

CRANBERRY ICE

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
1 cup cold water
3 cups boiling water
1 quart cranberries
4 tablespoons lemon juice
2½ cups sugar

Soften gelatin in cold water. Cook cranberries in boiling water until soft, then force through a strainer. Add sugar and lemon juice and bring to a boil. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Pour into freezing trays. Freeze, stirring several times until mushy. This serves 12.

"We usually serve soup, of course. Cream of mushroom, if it's a very special dinner. I used to hate the sound of it, because I don't like mushrooms, but I had it at the Lionel Atwills' several times without knowing what I was eating, and found it delicious, so I was over my prejudice before I knew it.

"With a heavy dinner, I like mixed green salad—chicory, Romaine, watercress, lettuce—but for luncheon Vicky has a marvelous new gelatine salad called 'New Year's Salad' that most Hollywood girls like because it's delicious without being fattening."

NEW YEAR'S SALAD
(Serve 6)

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup boiling water
¼ cup mild vinegar
½ cup sugar
½ cup blanched almonds
½ cup Heinz stuffed olives, sliced
½ cup crushed Dole pineapple
½ cup small sweet cucumber pickles
Green coloring

(*Continued on page 80*)



Charming Jacqueline Wells, star of Columbia Pictures' "Thoroughbred," is our hostess, and at left across the page she is pictured presiding over her lovely luncheon table, and telling our Betty Boone just how she makes the tempting gelatine dish seen at each place. Above, Miss Wells in her spotless kitchen, trying out a new dish for herself.

3 P.M. ...Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!



NOW SMOOTHING AWAY ROUGHNESS BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO! *

Now—give your skin extra beauty care—Smooth extra "skin-vitamin" (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond's Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible *future* need. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

JOAN BELMONT now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, society sportswoman

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Will they always be as happy?



Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye . . . devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do . . . kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her . . .

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it.* That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

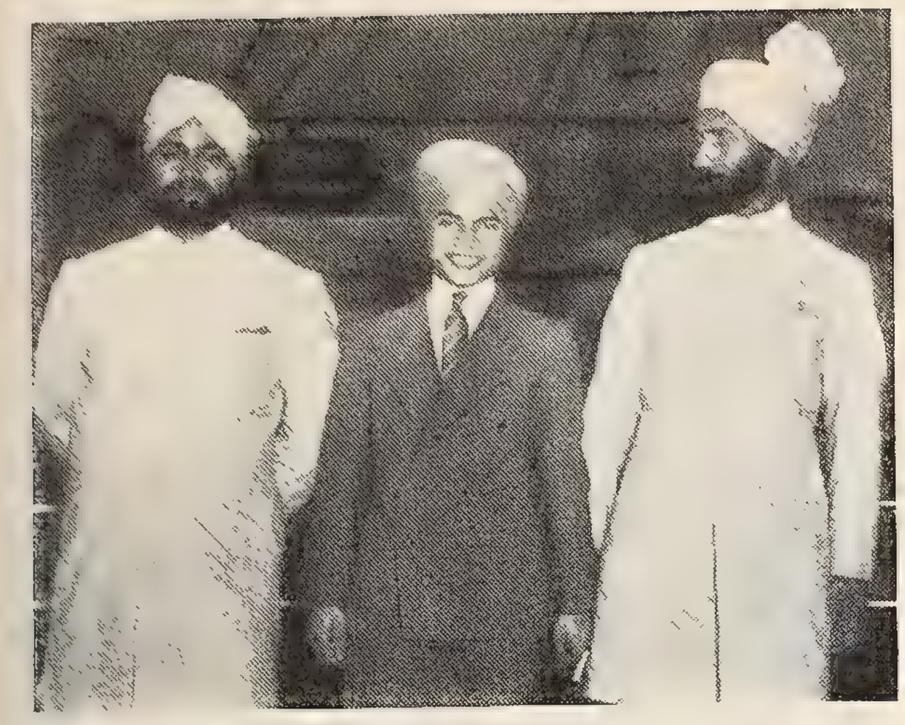
1. **Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.**
2. **Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.**
3. **Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.**
4. **The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth —is freshened and sweetened.**

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS *(Bad Breath) USE* LISTERINE

P. S.—IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE • ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!



Sabu, escorted by his Shikh guards, arrives in America.



The press interviews the boy who is the star of "Drums."



Sabu, the 15-year-old Indian lad, meets the mighty Babe.

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Sabu

DEAR SABU:

For a boy who only three years ago spoke nothing but Hindustani, you certainly know all the answers. My best hat—the one with the bird's nest on top—is off to you. I won't ask you to unwind that turban to me. Why am *I* salaaming? It's simple. I like good manners and I like a sense of humor—and you seem to have 'em.

Once a real elephant boy in Mysore, India, then the "Elephant Boy" in Alexander Korda's Kipling film, now an American visitor on a publicity good-will tour for "Drums," you've become a minor legend. No stranger in a strange land—not you, with your international grin. You conquered America from the moment you landed, an enormous Shikh guard on either side; you even got by with the ship news men. Everybody liked you and you liked everybody and everything, from our food to our football—or if you didn't you were too polite to say so. With your name, SABU, in letters five feet high outside the Radio City Music Hall in New York, you were the visiting celebrity of the moment, interviewed, rushed by plane on personal appearances, fêted by Hollywood. But your head apparently wasn't turned—maybe that turban prevented. I'd rather think it was your good manners and good sense. And I think, Sabu, the small boys and girls of America—no matter how old they are—must agree with me.

You see, Sabu, we're a tough audience. Sure, we like Mickey Rooney and Jane Withers and the Dead End Kids—up to a certain point. But they could be the kids next door. You—you're the kid of the Kipling dream; in "Drums" you perform superbly all the feats of the complete American cowboy—but with exotic trimmings. No wonder our Skippys' eyes pop out of their heads when they see you. They may pronounce your name Sabboo, Say-who, or Yoo-hoo, but they're saying it in every town in the United States. That means you're a hit. And while you're here I hope you'll drop a hint to some of our stars, big and little, that it pays to be polite—to the press, to the fans, to just people; and that it isn't such a chore, but really rather fun, don't you know—as you'd say. Hy-yo—Buck Sabu rides again!

Delight Evans



American boys greets Sabu with a grin and he grins back. Right, with his favorite movie star, Carole Lombard—also a great grinner.



HIGH



SCREENLAND asked famous men of Hollywood their frank opinion on the "up" hair-do. Here are their answers!

Joan Crawford (at top left) can take it, can't she?

Another Joan—Bennett, far left—goes up gracefully.

Gloria Stuart (left) grows more lovely, or are we wrong?



CLARK GABLE:

"First time I knew girls had backs to their necks—like it particularly in evening, it looks sort of strange in daytime."

WALTER WANGER:

"Upsweep adds youthfulness, smart grooming and dignity, making hair woman's real crowning glory."



FREDRIC MARCH:

"A pert face, pretty ears and neck set off the style delightfully."





CHARLES BOYER:

"Few women can stand removing coiffure frame but my wife becomes a very charming medallion with hair worn high."

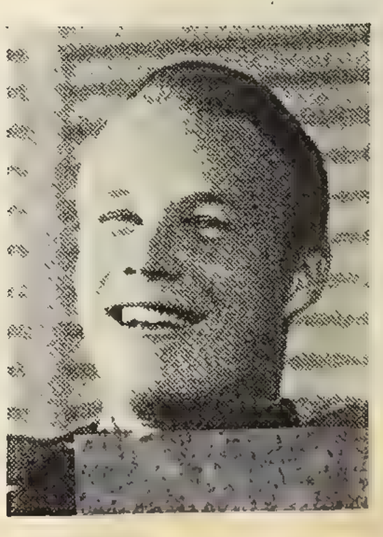


SPENCER TRACY:

"I still like the boyish bob!"

WAYNE MORRIS:

"Some of my girl friends are going in for it, others are not. I'm going to stay strictly neutral."



...OR LOW?



To bare or not to bare, the feminine ear and neck? It's nape and tuck with us—now how about YOU?

Danielle Darrieux (top right) started it, they tell us.

Shirley Ross (far right) likes that demure "lady look."

Frances Dee McCrea gains in grace and dignity—right.



ROBERT TAYLOR:

"I like hair up on some girls but not on all—but I guess I must be wrong because everyone seems to be putting it up."

ERROL FLYNN:

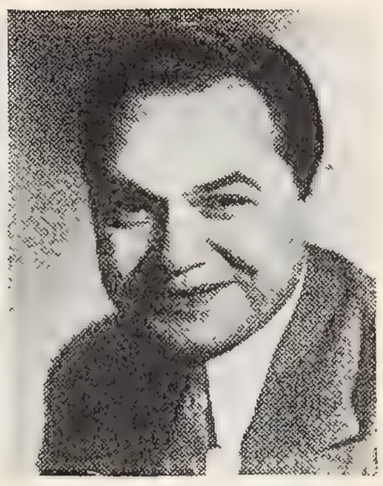
"I've got to like it! Lili (my wife) is wearing hers that way now. (Incidentally I think it is very attractive.)"





BASIL RATHBONE:

"The nape of a woman's neck is the only unlovely thing I know about her, and so I don't like her hair on top of her head."



EDWARD G. ROBINSON

"I understand the 'swept-up' hairdress takes at least an hour out of the day for the average woman. Of course, my wife isn't average!"



PAT O'BRIEN:

"What new hairdress? Let the ladies alone; they usually know best. The style will probably change before this gets into print, anyhow!"

JAMES CAGNEY:

"I like the new hairdress although I admit it makes many women look as though they'd been through the New England hurricane."



Hollywood Whirl

Step out with celebrities and do your star-gazing close-up as our candid camera crashes Hollywood's best parties



Photographs by Len Weissman
exclusively for SCREENLAND



Biggest, jolliest star turn-out of the season was at the opening of the "Ice Follies," where you see, above, Adrian, Janet Gaynor, Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner sharing a box and congratulating star skater Bess Erhardt. Jack Oakie and, yes, Venita Varden together again, take in the show. Deanna Durbin attends a night club for the first time, below, with her mother.





Ace celebrity shooter Len Weissman always gets his star for these SCREENLAND glamor close-ups. Below you see Lensman Weissman on the job—snapping Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen very much at home in their mountain hideaway, where no cameramen were supposed to go; so Len went, saw, and shot them for you.





Cesar Romero allows an attendant to put on his skates, but himself attends to putting on his companion Joan Crawford's, at the rink, where they skated, below, with girls of the "Ice Follies" ballet.



Famous twosomes; Left, Janet Gaynor, fur-wrapped for the occasion, and her very attentive friend and escort, Adrian. You recognize, of course, Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, below, heartily enjoying themselves from an "Ice Follies" rinkside box.







Photographs by Len Weissman



You go many places, see such interesting people when you make a Hollywood whirl with our news camera. After the party, Tony Martin and Alice Faye leaving the Troc, upper left. At the theatre, Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner, top; lower, Gary Cooper and his wife watch the polo, above. It's work, radio rehearsal, for George Raft and Dorothy Lamour, left. David Niven and Joan Bennett dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, below. Alice Faye, Tony Martin and Lou Schreiber comprise the group you see at lower left.





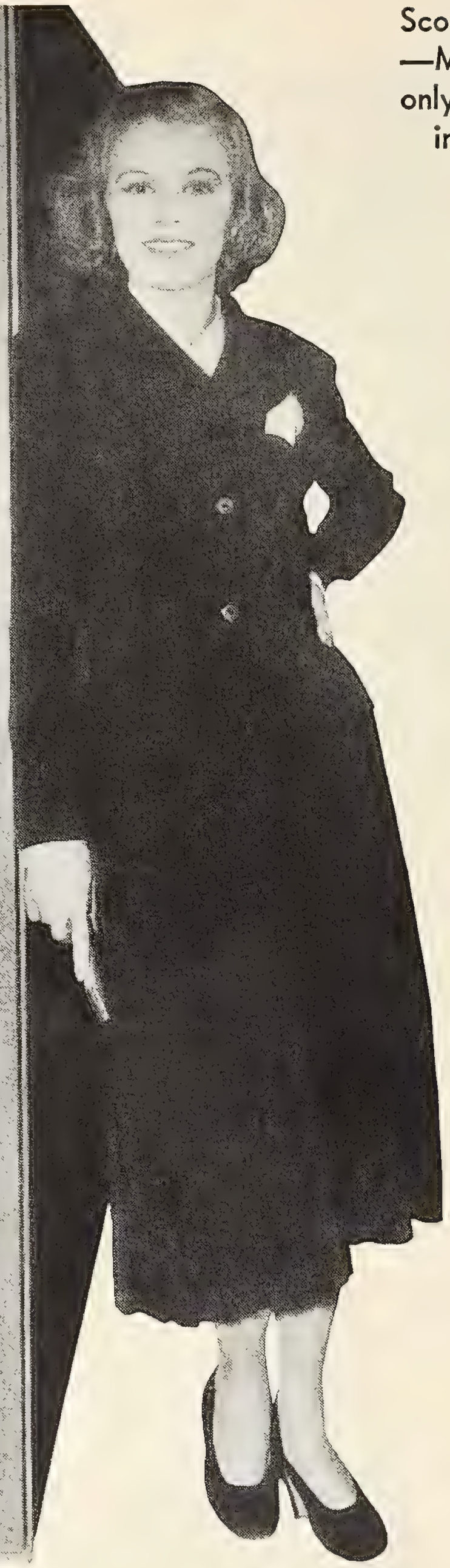




Listening to Morton Downey sing, Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett and David Niven, top, are all for the dulcet tenor's tones. Just above, Eddie Cantor, Ruby Keeler, Ida Cantor and Al Jolson give and receive congratulations on Al and Ruby's wedding anniversary. Upper right, Anita Louise and Buddy Adler dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Right, Adrienne Ames and Douglas Corrigan, lunching at the Ambassador. Margaret Roach and Binnie Barnes, at La Conga, lower right. Below, Cesar Romero and Gwynne Pickford at the Lido Room.



Why Margaret Sullavan Will Forsake the Screen for Mother-hood



Scoop! The elusive Mrs. Leland Hayward —Miss Sullavan to you—gives us the only authorized interview about her impending retirement from pictures

By Radie Harris

BACK in the spring of 1937, when Margaret Sullavan withdrew from the successful Broadway run of "Stage Door," because of an "act of God," George S. Kaufman, the co-author, added a larger dose of vitriol to his tongue and exclaimed, "Leave it to Leland Hayward to double-cross me like that!"

Now, come the winter of 1938, it is my private suspicion that somewhere in the sanctorum of his M-G-M suite, Louis B. Mayer is giving vent to the same unholy sentiment. For is it not another "act of God" that is taking Margaret Sullavan off the screen at a time when ambitious plans have been made to capitalize on her personal acting triumph in "Three Comrades" and "Shopworn Angel"?

Not only to Mr. Mayer, but to the rest of Hollywood, such deliberate sidetracking of a career has all the sacrificial elements of Edward abdicating the throne. All the cliches are immediately sounded as a warning bell: "out of sight, out of mind"—"the public soon forgets"—"when you walked out, honey, someone else walked in," *ad infinitum.*

Most actresses anticipating such dire consequences, frustrate their maternal instincts. They kid themselves along that it is only temporarily, but they know deep down in their Freudian subconscious that "procrastination is the thief of time." Norma Shearer is an exception. She had the courage to retire twice at the height of her popularity. How well it was worth it only Norma knows now, as she turns to seven-year-old Irving Thalberg, Jr., and three-year-old Katharine to help fill the void in her aching heart. Margaret Sullavan, in emulating Norma, is motivated by the same deep love for her husband, and the natural desire to perpetuate the family tree. It never occurred to her for a single moment that there was anything courageous or martyr-like in again risking her career, so that early in January, eighteen-months-old Brooke Hayward will have a playmate in the nursery.

"I've never really thought seriously about a 'Baby Versus Career,'" Margaret told me, "because there was never the decision involved that there must be with an important star (not modesty, Radie, just facing facts). However, had I known for sure that having a baby would end my so-called picture career, I'm afraid I would have behaved just as badly!

"I have an old-fashioned theory about careers for actresses—that they are wonderful in their proper place—and their proper place is *not* in a happy home. So long as acting can remain a side issue with me, I am very grateful for the excitement, activity, and income it affords."

The outward trappings of success, her name in electric lights—a salary in the upper brackets—public adulation mean nothing to Sullavan. Like *Terry Randall,* her exact counterpart in "Stage Door," she wanted to act for the pure inner satisfaction of a job well done. She went to Hollywood with a hymn of hate tucked under the contract and came back, her blue eyes blazing indignantly, "I'll *never, never* go back!"

Unpredictable as the weather, she went back—surprised no one more than herself, when she married Willie Wyler—and surprised no one, including herself, when she divorced him, less than a year later. Then Leland Hayward came into her life. She had known him in New York, but only casually. When she first arrived in

Hollywood, he was too preoccupied with Katherine Hepburn to give her any more than the perfunctory politeness of an agent toward his client. Just when she hit upon his consciousness, I don't know. But I do remember lunching with Margaret one noon, two summers ago, and saying to her, "You're in love with Leland Hayward!"

If Margaret had been drinking soup instead of nibbling on a salad, the consequences might have been disastrous.

"What makes you think that?" she expostulated.

"Oh, I'm psychic!" was my retort. "Of course, you've given me a few subtle hints — subtle like a radio commercial!"

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked in well-simulated naïvete.

"You've only managed to mention his name five times already, and yesterday, when you just had to stop by at his office on a matter of important business, you threw the whole office into a state of speechlessness, by calmly cutting his hair!"

"Radie, I'm afraid you've got something there!" was Margaret's blushing admission.

A few months later, when they came east and were quietly wed in a private ceremony at Newport, Hollywood was *that* surprised, and with its customary two gestures— a slap on the back and a kick in the back, predicted that it would never last. At the risk of being slightly vulgar, I should like to point a thumbed nose in the direction of the Hollywood wiseacres! For to know Margaret and Leland, is to understand their fatal fascination for each other.



"Peg" Sullavan, below, with her husband, Leland Hayward; and, at right below, between scenes with Bob Young. At left below, the all-star cast of "The Shining Hour;" Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter, Sullavan, Mr. Young.

Acme

Margaret Sullavan may never play *Scarlet O'Hara* in the David Selznick production of "Gone With the Wind," but off the screen she is Margaret Mitchell's heroine to the life. A Southern belle from No'folk, Virginia, suh, she is past mistress in the art of coquetry. When she turns on charm, she rarely misses her victim. Leland, although a product of the No'th, is no mean slouch himself! The son of Colonel Bill Hayward, and the stepson of Mrs. Phillip Plant, (Connie Bennett's ex-mother in law), he was reared in (*Please turn to page 84*)





Myrna Loy is My Sister!

Lucky David Williams for the first time tells what it's really like to be related to a famous film star

(As told to Ben Maddox)

FIRST of all, you may wonder what it is like to be the brother of Myrna Loy, the famous movie star.

I don't like it! I never tell people I am Myrna's brother. I do everything I can think of to keep them from knowing it. I haven't adopted her screen name. I seldom go to M-G-M where she is a big shot, only do so when I absolutely have to meet her there for some urgent business. This is the very first time I have ever talked to an interviewer, been tracked down. All of which may sound astonishingly ungracious, which emphatically I don't mean to be. I'm not jealous because Myrna has become front-page news and is extraordinarily popular while, in comparison, I am definitely in the nobody class and have few friends. I'm not envious because she earns a big salary while mine's a most modest one. It isn't that at all.



Myrna, right, grins over at opposite-page picture of herself with her brother David, author of our story. Above, that Loy-Gable team in "Too Hot to Handle." Lower right, Myrna Loy in silent film days—pretty cute then, too.

I have avoided all publicity, all connection with Myrna's spotlighting because, like her, I have a fierce streak of independence. She has had to lick plenty of disappointments, has had to learn how to work for and then wait patiently for her breaks. I expect to do the same for my good luck and I've no intention of ever trading on her success. I don't want to take bows for what's hers, can't enjoy basking in her prestige. If I'm making a point of this it's because as soon as our relationship is discovered I'm never sure whether I'm liked for myself or because of Myrna. Of course, I can detect that high-powered glad-hand line, and realize immediately when I'm supposed to be the route to chiseling in on her. How I hate that! Myrna isn't aloof. She isn't a recluse. She likes to meet people, is grand company. She actually has a swell sense of humor and she's tactful and sympathetic and loyal. But she leads a busy life. She's got a career and a husband on her hands. I figure picking her chums is her privilege, not mine.

But enough of that. I've never boasted about, in fact I've shunned the opportunities to bask in the reflected glory of accomplishments which clearly couldn't be credited to me. But no one can be any prouder of Myrna than I am! Only I'm proud in this way: that my sister has grown into such a fine woman.

When I see her on the screen I am moved deeply. I know how hard she's studied her part. She still isn't the best actress yet, in my opinion, but I believe she's coming right along. When I went to see "Test Pilot" I'll admit she had me bawling. Frankly, though, I never think of her as a great star. We've always been so close. We are now. Her applause and her money haven't made a particle of difference. She doesn't maneuver those who knew her when into the background now that she can be pals with the illustrious. And having watched her rise from the inside, and having shared her heartaches when it all seemed too much of a struggle, I think of her as a flesh-and-blood person who deserves the rewards she's just now receiving.

If you knew Myrna well you wouldn't be awed by her "glamor," either. You'd quickly find that she hasn't any of those strange, fantastic, temperamental streaks. She isn't artificial in any way. Posing never occurs to her—until there's a call from the studio and then her vivid imagination wakes up with a wallop.

I believe there are sound reasons for her success. Her attitude, besides her ability, must have been significant. She doesn't fancy she's it when she reports to the studio. She drives (*Please turn to page 96*)

Gary Does It



Yes, he's lazy, and bashful, and modest, and retiring. But he's also the most popular man in Hollywood. You've guessed it—Gary Cooper

By
Liza

WHEN tourists on the prowl in Hollywood ask me where they can find the most movie stars to gape at I suppose I should be smart and tell them about the glamor and the l'amour (Dorothy and otherwise) of the Trocadero, LaMaze, Victor Hugo and the Clover Club, and gradually work myself into a publicity agency. But I'm a simple soul, I'll never turn out to be anybody, so I always tell them the amusement pier at Ocean Park and Venice where for a hamburger and a bag of popcorn, if they feel like plunging, they can see the biggest box-office attractions in America romping about like kids at recess.

On a Saturday night you stand a good chance of seeing Claudette Colbert winning a Mae West doll for her prowess at winging ducks in the shooting gallery; Clark Gable and Carole Lombard shrieking like maniacs as they whirl through the air on the roller coaster; Merle Oberon turning pink in the face as her dress blows up, showing her panties, my my, at the entrance of the Fun House; Joan Blondell and Dick Powell necking like mad in the tunnel of love; Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck swinging away to *Flat-Foot Floogee* in the ten-cents-a-dance hall—and, best of all, here they'll begin to drool if they're anything like me, the one and only Gary Cooper, the most popular man in pictures today, with his arms full of stuff and knickknacks he has won at games of skill: ashtrays, Mickey Mouse, cups and saucers, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and a fine old Virginia ham from Glendale. And as pleased as Punch with his loot, much more pleased than if it were a whole flock of Academy Awards. "Gary," says Rocky, his charming wife, with a warning smile, and Gary, a bit regretfully, starts giving away his plunder to the kids who have followed him from one concession to another. There's no place for the gaudy grandeur of Ocean Park in the Cooper home in Brentwood.

A few Saturday nights back as I stood watching Gary practice his dart throwing (he got a hula doll for that) I was greatly interested in the conversation of a mother and her small son. Judging from the rapt, almost sublime expression, on the boy's face, Gary was his idol. Never in all his young life had he expected a treat like this. "Go on," said his mother pushing him toward Gary, but the child hung back, it was enough just to stare at his hero. "Aw, Sonny," snapped the mother in exasperation. "It's all right. You can touch him. He's human like you are." Now I have read a lot of copy about Gary Cooper in my time, as a matter of fact I have written a lot of it, but I don't think any of us typewriter-banging folks have ever described him quite so well. Sonny's



"I built it with my own money," says Gary. "It's cheaper than if I had to pay rent and get nothing for it." He means his beautiful home in Brentwood Heights, below. At left on opposite page, typical Cooper pose, on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's "The Cowboy and the Lady."

mother hit the nail right on the head. "He's human like you are." Gary Cooper most certainly is.

Money and success do strange things to movie stars but they haven't changed Gary the smallest fraction of a mite. After fourteen years of pictures he has never "gone Hollywood." He has never ceased to be a human being. It doesn't seem possible, I know, but Gary is amazingly the same as when he first came to Hollywood in 1926—a quiet, long, lanky Montana cowboy. He is as innately shy as he was then. According to Uncle Sam's tax men who are pretty clever about figures (I'll say), Gary's pay envelope for last year contained more money than any other star's. And he doesn't sing, he doesn't dance, and he hasn't got blond hair, a widow's peak, and girls under his bed. According to a recent world-wide popularity poll conducted by one of the national trade papers Gary is right up there on top in the Big Ten. And I am sure that if Hollywood itself, ("the industry," I should say), broke down and held its own little popularity contest tomorrow Gary would win it in a trot. For some strange reason there seems to be no envy of Gary Cooper. Nobody is gunning for him, eagerly waiting to tear him down from the high position he slowly built for himself. No one says delightedly with a malicious smack of the lips, "Gary's slipping. It won't be long now." Oddly enough in a town where the inhabitants had rather tear down idols than wash down caviar with champagne, everyone from Mr. Goldwyn, the producer, to Sam, the bootblack, seems to be perfectly happy about Gary Cooper. And that's because "he's human like you are."

Tolerance is Gary's outstanding virtue. He just can't see why some stars should want to go tearing off to their dressing rooms between takes acting like they were afraid to mingle with the hoi polloi extras and gaffers. Now Mr. Cooper is not a chatty soul, far from it, but wherever you find extras gabbing away on the set you'll find Gary, his long legs swung over a studio chair and listening with his eyes half closed. But ah— if the extras happen to be cowboys, and Gary knows personally every cowboy in town, that's something entirely different. He (*Please turn to page 72*)



At Last

The REAL Truth

You've heard how screen stars keep their health and figures by diets and exercise—but how much that you've read is true, and how far should *you* go in following their rules? For the first time, read the whole truth, by a writer who has dieted right along with the stars and therefore knows the facts!

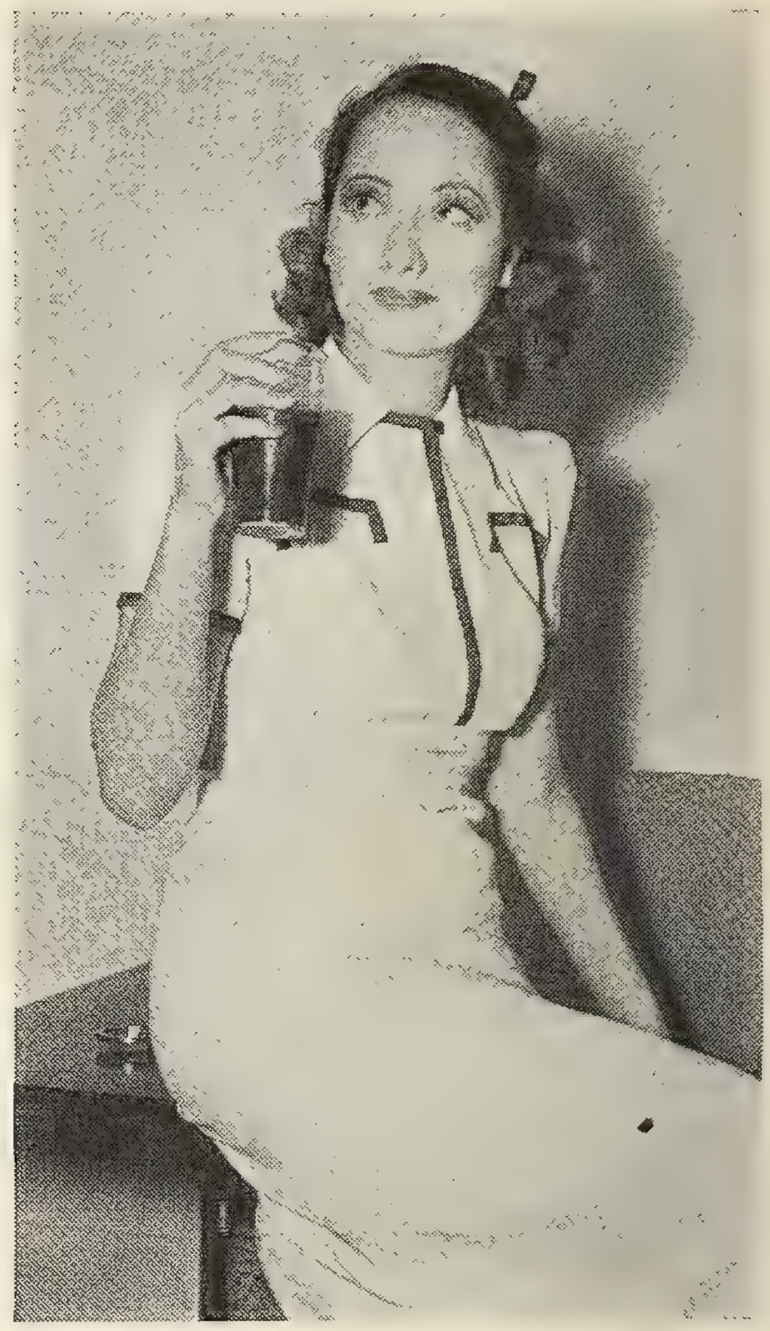
By Elizabeth Wilson

THERE I was, going along nicely, minding my own business, and getting a lot of fun out of life, when all of a sudden people started insulting me. "Isn't it a shame," they would say just as I was pitching into a luscious dish of strawberry shortcake gloriously enveloped in whipped cream, "isn't it a shame that she lets herself *go* in that fashion, when she has such a young face!" (Insulters of fat people always say this—it's a stock phrase.) Well, it used to make me so mad that it was all I could do to keep from hauling off and bopping them one. "I'm the jolly type," I'd snarl without an ounce of humor, "I love good food, I adore good food, I don't have to make my living before a camera, so to hell with it." But it didn't squelch them at all, they'd come right back with "And it would be a sort of a pretty face too, if it had only one chin." (I wonder if a jury would convict me.)

After my poor face had been dragged across luncheon tables all the way from Brentwood to Burbank, I admit I began to get a little worried about my weight. It couldn't be *that* bad really. But a dismal visit to the bathroom scales proved to me that it could be that bad, and even worse. A few more pounds and I would make *two* Joan Blondells. *I decided to go on a diet!*

Strangely enough, along about that time, it was early last summer, four other sad souls in Hollywood were undergoing a similar strain and stress. Patsy Kelly had just seen the preview of "Merrily We Live" (and so had her bosses, unfortunately), and it seemed to be rather the consensus of opinion that Patsy either stop playing mob scenes all by herself, or stop playing, period. "All right, all right, I'll diet," growled Patsy, nobly cutting down from ten cokes a day to nine. " 'There Goes My Heart' starts production in six weeks," said the casting director with the menace of a *Sir Guy of Gisbourne,* "and they say that Joan Davis is funny too. Just thought you'd like to know." Now a girl doesn't want to lose a perfectly good contract just because she bulges a bit—well, maybe *four* bits. It sort of ruined Patsy's morning sleep, and if there was ever a girl who liked to sleep late in the morning it's Patsy.

Over on the Walter Wanger lot they were putting the finishing touches on "Algiers"—that same "Algiers" that, come June 23rd, its memorable preview night, would launch Hedy Lamarr, née Keisler, the first real Glamor Girl this palpitating world has known since Marlene Dietrich sang *Falling in Love Again* with sunken cheeks. No one had paid much attention to Hedy, except Reggie Gardiner, when she came to Hollywood from Europe months before, and no one had paid much attention to her when she was cast as the French girl in the Wanger version of "Pepe le Moko." But before the picture was finished people at the studio who saw the daily rushes decided that with that divinely beautiful face Hedy could be the most glamorous, the most exotic



Merle Oberon, right, drinks especially prepared juices, either from fresh fruit or fresh vegetable. Patsy Kelly, center right, reduced more than 45 pounds on the famous Santa Barbara diet. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, far right, installed a dietitian in the Powell household; but they admit to food-snitching at luncheon at the studio —Dick's in costume.

personality on the screen *if* she wasn't so darned healthy. Imagine a Glamor Girl who weighed over, and depressingly over, a hundred and thirty! One of those kindly souls, and you'll find one anywhere, called Hedy aside and said, "When 'Algiers' is released, Hedy, you will doubtless be acclaimed as the next Garbo. But, dear, you must lose some weight. You can't be a Garbo—with hips!" Hedy looked up from her chocolate ice cream soda (she had just coaxed two scoops of ice cream out of the commissary soda jerker instead of the customary one). "Thees America," she said sadly, "it ees so confusing! In my country my figure eet ees perfect, but here they want me skeenny. All ready I have scorched myself in the sun for my career, and now I must starve for eet!" And if there was ever a girl who liked to eat it's Hedy Lamarr; why, she can even eat me under the table, which is some kind of a record. I remember the night she and Merle Oberon and I, with boy friends, simply stuffed ourselves to the ears with good Hawaiian food at the Beachcombers in Hollywood—rice and fried shrimp and spareribs—and then went on to a night club to dance. When we arrived at the club, fairly panting from food, Merle and I ordered lemonade, but not Hedy —that glamorous creature ordered a chocolate sundae. And when the waiter brought it—a mound of ice cream, fudge sauce, and whipped cream that fairly shrieked calories—Hedy turned to the astonished man and said, "Where are the nuts?"

About Hollywood Stars' *Dieting!*

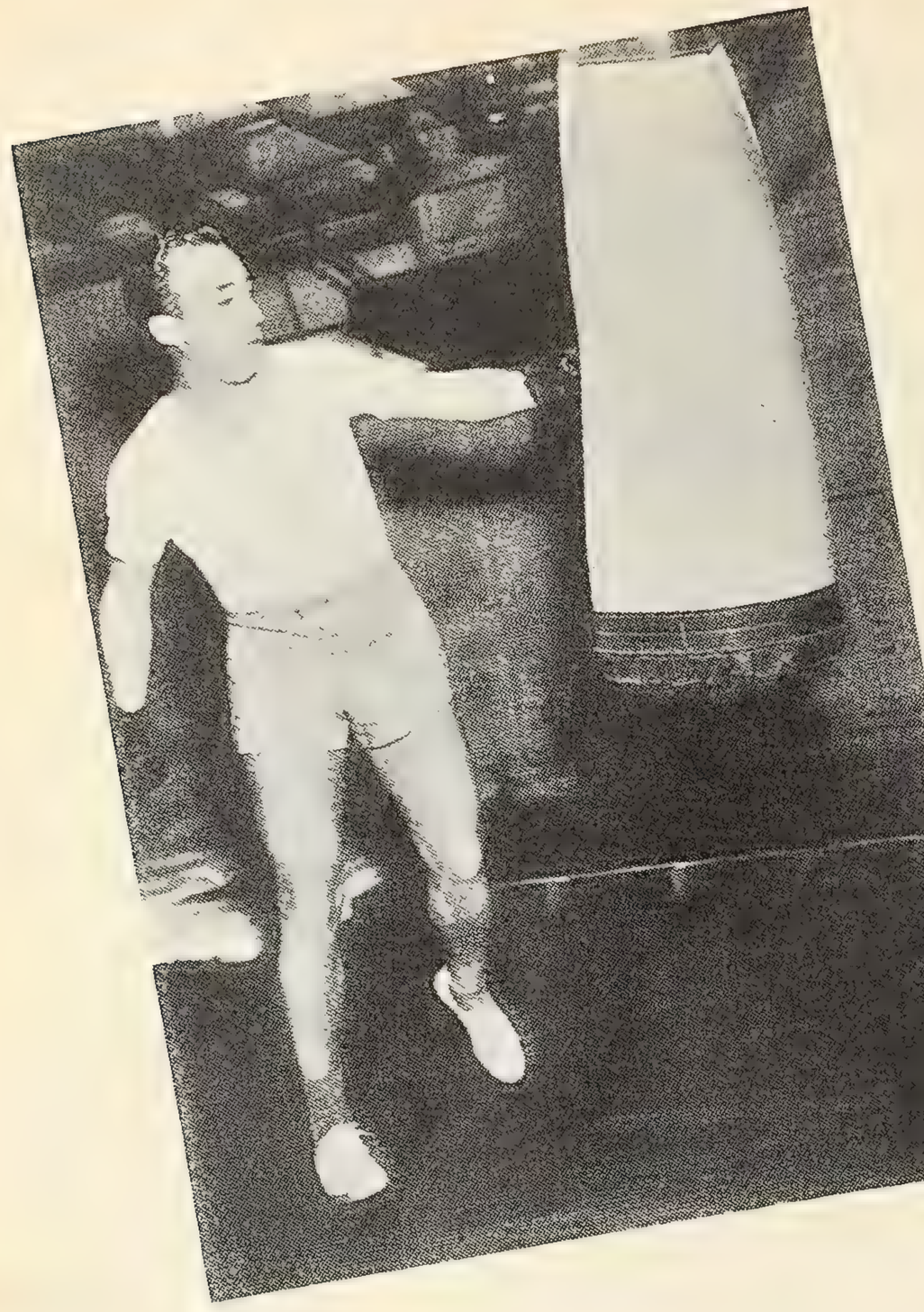


It was just about that time too, early last summer, remember, that Jack Oakie, (Hollywood's "swell guy"), returned from an exhibitors' convention down in Texas, and you know how the boys carry on when they are away from home on conventions. He stopped by his dressing room at the RKO studio to get a shower and when he passed the mirror on his make-up table he did a double take. "Boy, are you fat!" he gasped. "Get a load of that stomach, will you! The next place you'll be earning your living will be in the circus, Oakiė, my lad. You gotta do something, and do it quick."

And while Oakie was regarding his rotunda another Hollywood "swell guy," George Raft, was doing a bit of regarding too. Georgie was looking at the day's rushes of "Spawn of the North" and it happened to be that scene where he is lying in bed well on his way to kicking the bucket. "Why didn't you tell me I was getting fat?" snapped Georgie to his pal Mack Grey. "That's the trouble with you, you never tell me anything. Find me a diet."

Well, there couldn't have been five sadder souls in Hollywood last May than Hedy and Patsy and Georgie and Jack and me. There's something so dreary about dieting when you are feeling perfectly healthy. And the most provoking things happen, too, when you start a diet. All those dear, dear friends who made such catty remarks about your face, and could never miss taking a crack at your figure, suddenly become fiends incarnate. "Oh, don't be a sourpuss," they say, "you know a martini won't hurt you. All right, all right, you can start your diet tomorrow; why start it today and ruin my party!" And "you know you shouldn't diet, dear, it spoils your disposition." And, "But darling, you must have a slice of this chocolate fudge cake. The cook baked it specially for you, and you'll break her heart if you don't eat it. Yes, I know you're on a diet, but you can go off of it tonight, can't you?" (Some day I am going to take a chance on that jury.)

What with friends being what they are the only satisfactory way to go on a diet is to go out of town—get as far away from friends as possible. And that's just what Hedy and Pasty and Georgie and Jack and I did. As soon as he could leave the studio Georgie took the first train to Hot Springs, Arkansas. There he consulted a doctor and began his reducing in the safe and sane manner. For exercise he played golf and took long walks, not leisurely strolls in the woods, but good brisk trots that brought out streams of perspiration. Then there would be steam baths and hard massages. And by the end of the day he would be so worn out that he would go straight off to bed after dinner. He wouldn't go to a night club even if the prettiest girls in the world were there to do a strip tease number. A meat-eater from way back, Georgie was pleased to learn that he could still eat lean steaks and lamb chops, but no potatoes on the side, no bread and butter. He gave up starches almost



completely, also sugar and fats. He stayed at Hot Springs six weeks and lost 45 pounds. He's back in Hollywood now looking fit as a fiddle, and is keeping right on the diet until he gets off a few more pounds. I saw him at La Conga dancing a mean shag the other night, and as I passed his table I noticed a steak, without any accessories, and a huge glass of pineapple juice.

Jack Oakie chose Del Monte, California, for his get-away-from-friends spot. But before he went he spent two weeks in a Hollywood hospital where he underwent

Not satisfied with your figure? Cheer up, their way to glowing health and lithe who followed the same diet as her

a complete physical examination. "The doctors couldn't find anything wrong with me, except that I had been eating and drinking too much, and what I had consumed turned into sugar inside of me and then into fat," Jack said. "They gave me a diet with plenty of lean meats and vegetables on it—and to drink, of all horrible things, skimmed milk. I couldn't stand the darned stuff, still can't, but the doc said I had to drink it on account of the calcium in it. It's good for the teeth. After I've shed fifteen years with my new chassis I certainly don't want to start shedding my teeth."

When he went into the hospital Jack weighed 220 pounds, stripped, and his cheeks were so puffed out that you could hardly see his eyes. At the end of two weeks in the hospital he had lost fifteen pounds on the 1,000 calory-a-day diet that the doctor had prescribed for him. Equipped with his diet and a determination to do or die, Jack left for Del Monte, and put himself to the "wagon" test the first evening there. He walked into the hotel bar and blithely ordered a tomato juice. When the bartender recovered from the shock and opened an old can of tomato juice that had been sitting there for years Jack drained his glass, smacked his lips, and left—never to return to that pleasant little nook with the pretty bottles during his entire stay. He spent four weeks in Del Monte and during that time he lost forty pounds. Since he returned to Hollywood he has lost five more pounds, which now brings him down to a trim 150—and a clothes problem. Naturally nothing fits. While at Del Monte he played golf and tennis strenuously, did an hour of fast swimming in the hotel pool, followed by an hour on the rowing machine in the gym. He became so attached to that rowing machine that he bought one for himself.

This is a sample menu of Jack's 1,000 calory-a-day



Bing Crosby, top left, believes in exercise. Hedy Lamarr, left, still sneaks ice cream sodas. Eleanor Powell, below, depends upon dancing routines to keep trim, but how many can do this?



read how Hollywood stars have to work beauty—reported by Elizabeth Wilson star friends and tells you all about it



diet. But don't follow it without first consulting a doctor.

For breakfast: ½ cup orange juice, one boiled egg, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 cup of coffee without sugar and cream.

For lunch: 1 cup clear beef broth, 1 serving of pineapple and cottage cheese salad, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 small scoop of vanilla ice cream, and 1 glass of skimmed milk.

For dinner: 1 cup chicken broth (without fat), 1 piece broiled beef steak, ½ cup beets, ½ cup carrots, 3 pieces of rye toast, ½ cup unsweetened applesauce, and 1 glass skimmed milk.

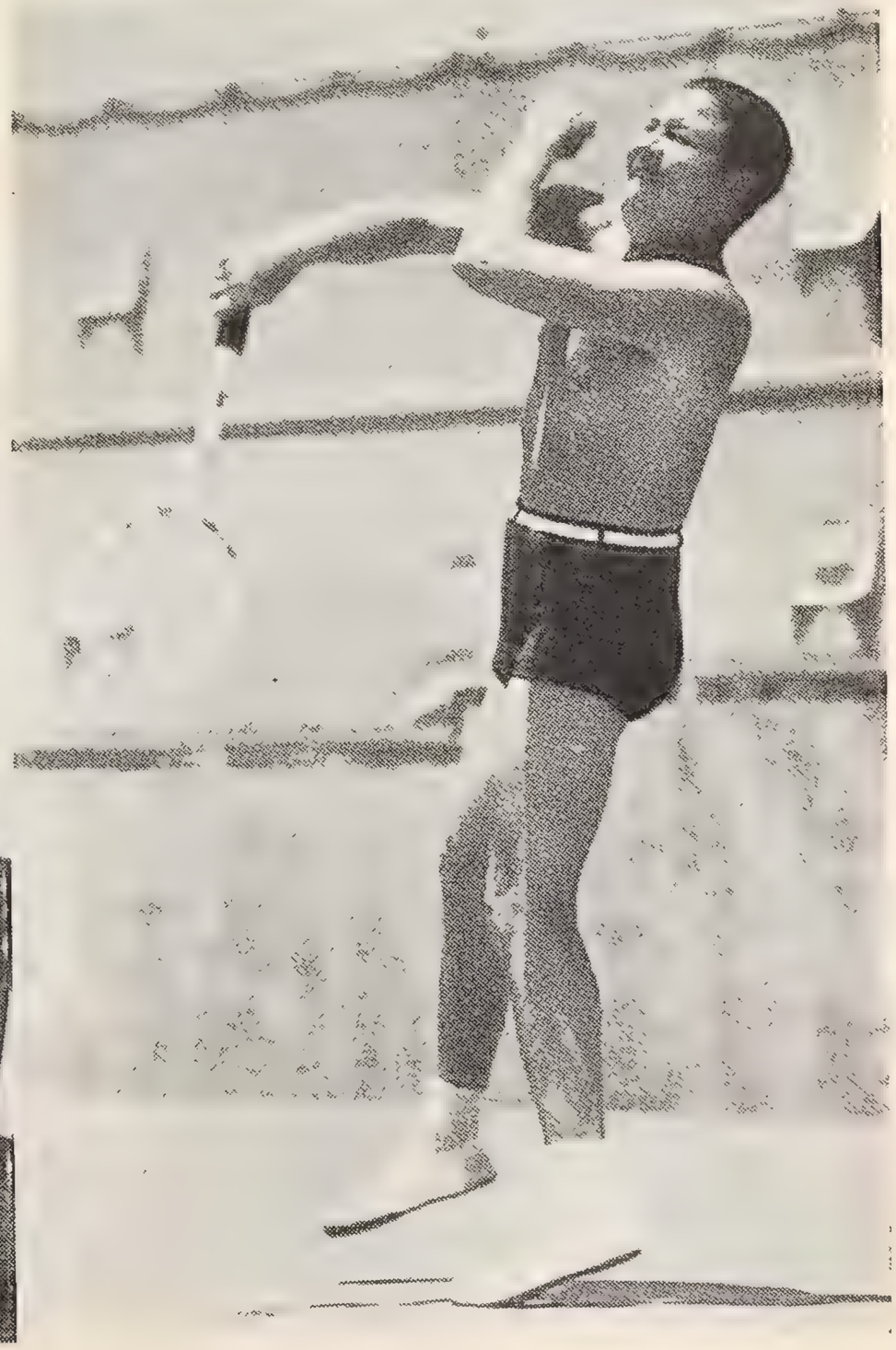
Basically, Jack's diet was governed by two rules only, no starches (which meant no potatoes, bread, cake, pastries or starchy vegetables), and no fats (which included butter, cream, or fatty meats).

Hedy and Patsy and I chose a hospital in Santa Barbara. Santa Barbara is ninety miles from Hollywood, which is a little too far for those dear, dear friends, ladened with boxes of chocolate-covered almonds, to drop in on you—but they don't forget you, ah no, they call you over long distance at one or two in the morning just to let you know how much fun they are having, what Roger Davis just said to Carole Lombard, and what a perfectly mad hair-do Norma Shearer is wearing. Instead of counting sheep you spend the rest of the night —until the student nurse comes in at six thirty to remove your rug, they have such quaint customs in hospitals—cursing Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Roger Davis, and everyone who weighs less than 140.

No one of us knew that the other was going to Santa Barbara. Reducing, it seems, is something that you do without a fanfare of publicity, though I was inclined to tell everyone what I was up to, knowing full well someone would start a rumor that I had gone to an insane asylum. So great was my surprise indeed on that first day when I faced a tray on which was a baked tomato and a dish of water-packed fruit to have the door open and Patsy Kelly burst in upon me. "You won't like it here," she said, dismally shaking her head as she looked over my tray. "You'll get boiled rug and spinach for dinner tonight. And that (*Please turn to page 73*)

Madeline Carroll, below, makes out her diet menus, given in our story. Jack Oakie, right, reduced from 220 to 150 pounds. Norma Shearer, top right, depends upon hearty exercise.







Beginning
Great Women *of*
Motion Pictures

SCREENLAND is proud to present the first of an important new series personalizing the most colorful career women of the living cinema

Mary Pickford by *Margaret E. Sangster*



Photo

K. O. Rahmn

America's beloved writer, Margaret E. Sangster, above, pens a glowing picture of America's beloved celebrity, Mary Pickford. Miss Sangster wrote this interview and then added the exquisite "Sonnet Impression" below. Right, a new portrait of the star.

A SONNET IMPRESSION

There is a gleam of happiness about you,
As luminous as star shine in the night;
No one who meets your glance could ever doubt
you,
You fill the darkest corners with warm light!
It is not merely charm, nor yet the power
Of a quick brain that flashes like a blade—
Nor beauty that always is in full flower,
Nor faith that is serene and unafraid!

The quality that makes you rise above us
Is something that few people ever know—
Perhaps it's your ability to love us
That lends you such a tender, steady glow . . .
You are yourself—in each and every way—
And after that there's nothing more to say!



MARY PICKFORD learned to read from the billboards that flashed past the windows of a moving train, when she was a child of the theater on tour. She learned the secrets of business—and Mary Pickford is a superb business woman—by making contact with all sorts and varieties of people at an age when other youngsters were concentrating on doll rags and roller skates. She didn't have to learn acting—Mary Pickford's acting is so much a part of herself that it was born with her. The sunshine that she has translated from her own soul to stage and screen and radio is genius—and genius cannot be acquired by study!

Most important of all, Mary Pickford has learned life and the ability to live fully, and the secret of serene happiness, by being close to people—by keeping her slim finger upon the pulse of humanity. And this—to my mind—is the foremost of her many talents! She laughs it off by saying, "It's the Irish in me. I hug the good earth!" But her gift for being joyous and sympathetic and tender, at one and the same time, is more than just an earthiness. She is able to sit on the window sill and observe the passing throng while, at the same time, she is *with the throng*. And if I don't make myself clear it's because I find it difficult to describe anyone who is as varied and colorful as a prism. Mary Pickford's inspiring book—"Why Not Try God?"—mirrors her personality more completely than I—or anyone else—can do it. For on the printed pages, and in her own idiom, she has given unconsciously true glimpses of her shining spirit.

I talked with Mary Pickford a few days ago in the drawing room of her apartment at the Sherry-Netherlands. Several crowded years had flashed by since our last meeting, but when she came toward me—with hands outstretched and smiling eyes—time and space dissolved into a fragrant mist and I knew that our conversation would be as unrestrained and informal as if there had been merely a gap of minutes.

"You're lovelier than ever!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, and she laughed and said—"You're a real fan—as usual!"

And that was that!

* * *

Mary Pickford is perhaps the best known woman in the world today and yet incredibly she never ceases to be a front page story. For she is always new. It isn't that she is sure to be prettier and younger than she was the last time you saw her—it (*Please turn to page 76*)

Mad about Mickey

By Liza

Not only Hollywood, but the picture-going public is rooting for Rooney, the puppy lover and great actor





At seventeen, Mickey is a star. "Gee," he complains, "now I'll have to sign a lot of autographs!" But he's not really bored at all, as scenes at right prove: top, with his idol, Spencer Tracy; below, in new Metro film with Wallace Beery.

ANY minute now Mickey Rooney will become a star. Already his name is on a banner in front of the famous Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard in letters so big you can see them all the way from Catalina on a clear day. And "Love Finds Andy Hardy" has had almost as many re-runs in the neighborhoods as "It Happened One Night." No wonder his bosses at Metro have decided to give him star billing in his future pictures. Not because they are Boy Scouts at heart, but with America gone completely Mickey-mad there's not much else they can do about it. Every week they receive thousands of letters from fans all over the country asking that Mickey be made a star. What the whole world wants, it seems, is a puppy lover.

When Mickey, who celebrated his seventeenth birthday on September 23rd, was informed of his approaching stardom, he pretended to be very bored about the whole thing. "Gee," he complained, "now I've got to sign a lot of autographs!"

"But Mickey," insisted one of the girls from a local newspaper (and I'm telling you, you find more ladies of the press dropping in on a Mickey Rooney set than you do on a Bob Taylor set; what is this power he has over women?), "aren't you thrilled to be a star?"

"Well, no," said Mickey, sighing deeply, and trying to be as blasé as a gentleman with a pug nose and chrysanthemum hair can be. "It isn't worth it. I look upon it as a small matter. It's all work and no play. Home and bed every night. That's fame."

"What, no dates?" asked the girl, sympathetically, knowing full well that Casanova Rooney has been seen out dancing the Big Apple with more than one blonde cutie.

"Dates are no fun," sighed Mickey, looking utterly sad, "when I'm too tired by the time I leave the studio to lift my arms. What's the use of it all!"

At this depressing point in the conversation an attractive youngster, about Mickey's age, with big dark eyes and blonde hair, passed by. "She's taking a test today," said the unit man on the set, "pretty little thing, isn't she? She might be Mickey's new leading lady in the next 'Judge Hardy' picture." Mr. Rooney suddenly lost his boredom.

(*Please turn to page 78*)


Screenland Salutes
JOAN CRAWFORD
Decorative as ever, determined to make the great come=back of her career in "The Shining Hour"
Wallinger. M-G-M


Selznick International Pictur

Screenland Salutes

CAROLE LOMBARD:

Movies' most potent blonde, la Lombard, across the page, can't always be clowning—proves she still takes one of Hollywood's prettiest dreamy pictures!

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Growing up gracefully with the eyes of the world upon her, Olivia de Havilland, screen's loveliest ingenue, surprises you below with new coiffure and dignity

Elmer Fryer, Warners





Scotty Welbourne, Warners, photographed Miss Sheridan and Mr. Cagney on set of "Angels with Dirty Faces"

Screenland Salutes

NEW SCREEN SIREN

Ann Sheridan, shapely starlet, is sponsored by Cagney in new film —see left, and below. From portraits at right, consider if Ann can be heiress to late Jean Harlow's dazzling place in pictures







Screenland Salutes

A GAY LADY:
JOY HODGES

A GALLANT GENTLEMAN:
RONALD COLMAN



Ed. Estabrook, Universal Pictures

Whee! Lana Turner tries out her new Tyrolean outfit in the snows of sunny California, above. At right, 'sno' what? Well, Lana is always worth looking at, and proves it anew in her latest rôle in "Dramatic School," with Luise Rainer, for M-G-M.

On opposite page, Jean Parker, above, takes to the mountains near Hollywood for her winter sport. Betty Grable, in all-white bunny suit, falls for us even as we fall for her. Both Betty and Jean celebrate the Winter season for SCREENLAND and dear old Paramount Pictures, and we thank them herewith!

Screenland Salutes

"MISTE
AND
MISSU

Elmer Fryer

ollywood's
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ck Powell—
e troupers,
ppy parents,
l sweethearts



Elmer Fryer

Screenland Salutes





"WHO IS SHE?"
That's the question you'll be asking as to each of these lovelies

like new faces — and figures! We believe you do, too.
we show you, not only the famous faces of Hollywood,
the interesting newcomers. Several, you've met before.
, opposite page, Rita Johnson. Left, Mary "Punkins"
ger. Far left, Corinne Luchaire, new French-English
sation. Now, on this page: above, a transformed Judith
rett. Right, Nancy Kelly. Top right, Sigrid Gurie in a new
mood. Top left, Miliza Korjus.

Screenland Salutes

THE CHARM OF CONTRAST

Here, LORETTA YOUNG —lithe and lovely in her riding habit for "Kentucky," in which Richard Greene plays opposite her for 20th Century-Fox—personification of the patrician American girl.



And here, PAULETTE GODDARD, vision
n her gossamer gown especially designed
or "The Young in Heart," in which she
ppears with Janet Gaynor and Douglas
airbanks, Jr., for Selznick-International



Photographed expressly for SCREENLAND *by Irving Lippman*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Anne Shirley and Noah Beery, Jr., in Columbia's "Girl's School"

HOPE TO TELL YOU



That smooth funster, Bob Hope, goes in for Personal History. Here's Candor—and Comedy

By Marion Cooper

"I HOPE you've had a tough life," I said to Bob Hope, meaning no offense, but merely by way of opening the interview.

He didn't even blink, for if you're a movie star in Hollywood you get used to things like earthquakes, and heavy mists, and interviewers. You learn to take the bad with the good. He merely stopped smiling while he said: "It was plenty tough, lots of times. Why?"

"I want you to talk about those hard times, Bob," I said. "Tell me how it feels to have achieved success and at last be able to forget all the unpleasantness that went before." I was getting ready to duck behind that handy little shield of the Hollywood writer, the magic words: "The public has a right to know." You get behind it and shoot questions like: "How many fillings have you got in your teeth?" or "How did you feel when you kissed your first girl?" and your victim is helpless. For "the public has a right to know."

Bob looked at me, and I almost got human for a moment. I started to apologize: "I know you'd like to forget about that part of your life, and you've a right to. But just this once."

Then Bob surprised me by laughing. "But I *don't* want to forget about it! I want to remember it. I'm grateful for my years in the small time, thankful success didn't come the easy way. When it does, you have no background, you're not prepared for anything else." He was serious now. "With me it's different. If my picture work doesn't pan out, I can always make a living in musical comedy, or vaudeville, or radio. I've had experience that no one can ever take away from me. A lot of movie stars, when they start slipping, learn what lack of experience can mean. They turn to the stage, and they find out, for instance, that it's a lot different knowing what to do with their hands for thirty minutes at a stretch, than it is for about twenty seconds in front of a camera. Things like that," said Bob, "take training."

We were sitting on the "Thanks for the Memory" set at Paramount, and just then Bob was called to make a still picture with his movie wife, Shirley Ross. It was a bedroom scene, and Bob was helping Shirley slip an evening gown over her head. The still photographer, anxious to have everything perfect, fussed around so long that Shirley nearly smothered in the folds of the dress, and finally Bob cracked: "Say, what's this going to be, anyway? A Rembrandt?"

The entire company grinned. Everyone laughs at everything Bob says, and as he told me once, "I've become so associated with comedy that I really don't have to say anything, any more. People come up to me and before I open my mouth, they laugh." And Bob loves it.

"I'm one comedian who doesn't want to play 'Hamlet,'" he told me, when he finished the scene. "A dramatic actor never knows until the final curtain whether he's clicking or not. But a comedian knows at once. The audience laughs—or it doesn't."

Surely, I thought and said, no audience had ever failed to laugh at Bob Hope's gags?

"That's what *you* think," he told me. "There was the time in Cleveland when I was just starting in show business. My brother was working in a factory there, and they were celebrating the opening of their new building. My brother had bragged so about me that they finally asked me to do my act. What a build-up he'd given me, I guess he talked about nothing else for weeks. So they expected plenty. Did I lay an egg!" said Bob, wincing. "It was such a big egg, they had to tear down a wall to get it out. For one (*Please turn to page 94*)



THE SISTERS—Warners

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

ALMOST, a great American motion picture! Even now, definitely a fine one. And vehemently recommended if for no other reason than Bette Davis' superb performance. I think it's her best. No fireworks; no twitchings and mumblings—simply, and how simply, a beautiful acting job without tricks or trimmings. You believe in Bette's *Louise Elliott* as you have not believed in any movie heroine in many months. Louise is such a noble character and suffers so much and so intensely for Her Man that in another actress' hands she might be very dull indeed; but as Bette plays this courageous daughter of a nice average American family earlier in our century, she comes to life, you like and admire her, yes you even respect her —but she makes your visit to "The Sisters" a stirring and memorable occasion. You see, *Louise* is a gal with both head and heart—but meeting Errol Flynn she loses both to his charm, and sticks to him through thick and thin, mostly thick—including the San Francisco earthquake. Mr. Flynn makes it seem plausible, for he is not only more personable than ever, but a better actor. There is a fine cast to portray Myron Brinig's other characters: Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Anita Louise, and Jane Bryan.



THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

DEANNA does it again! Her fourth picture is another hit, the best of the lot, and *la* Durbin is better than that. It may all be due to producer Pasternak that every Durbin film is a smash success; but his star has proved worthy of all the attention by improving right along with her pictures. She is growing up, and gracefully; her fine voice seems smoother than ever; and she takes the new note of romance introduced in "That Certain Age" in her wholesome stride. Like the other Durbin pictures populated with nice people in pleasant surroundings, this new romantic comedy has the added interest of a constant boy friend for Deanna in the sturdy person of Jackie Cooper, and the keen competition of Melvyn Douglas, with whom, the script says, and reasonably enough, Deanna is infatuated. Charming comedy goes on from there, with Douglas just about perfect as the star reporter amused and amazed by his boss' daughter's guileless hero-worship, with Jackie standing by with a wistful torch, and with Irene Rich and Nancy Carroll being delightful and decorative in their screen come-backs. Deanna sings three good new songs—none of them quite an *I Love To Whistle*, but then you can't have everything, even in a Durbin picture.



YOUTH MARCHES ON—Positive Production

I SAW this picture at the Belmont Theatre in New York where I went to see Danielle Darrieux's French film. I knew nothing about it because I came in after it started—but I stayed to see it again, and found it refreshing and interesting, and that's why I'm telling you about it. It was produced, I learned later, by young men of the Oxford Group, the spiritual movement in progress in over fifty countries of the world—men who had never before made a motion picture. They have done a very good job, a wholesome, stimulating and imaginative job, and whether or not you are concerned with their approach to life I think you should see it if it comes your way. The characters are all from real life, with a Canadian named Cecil Broadhurst in the leading rôle of a smiling cow-hand who sings the catchy theme song, *Wise Old Horsey*. The song starts off: "The trouble with this world is the folks that live in it"—and concludes that folks can be different if they're willing, or words to that effect; and the film carries this message of spiritual reconstruction to make a better world. "Youth Marches On" is one more proof that the motion picture is the most powerful messenger of good or evil tidings that the world has ever known.



AVOCAT D'AMOUR—Sherman S. Krellberg

CHIEFLY of interest as proving beyond a possible shadow of doubt that Mlle. Danielle Darrieux, the Little French Girl, is no one-picture star who owes her success to Hollywood. In "The Rage of Paris" you saw and liked Danielle, with all the glamorous embellishments our cinema capital can give a girl. Now, in "Avocat D'Amour"—"Counsel for Romance" to us—you can see her again and be convinced that in her native French films she is just as captivating, and owes little or nothing to the Hollywood magicians. Here's a typically Gallic comedy, so light and frothy that it hardly makes a good movie meal; but it does have a piquant flavor, it does while away an hour in engaging and lively fashion. Danielle plays a modern Parisienne who cajoles her parents into letting her study for the bar—the law courts, not the Ritz. In deft and amusing manner she becomes a full-fledged advocate, and her first case is that of a young and handsome fellow, played by Henry Garat, whom you may remember in one of Lilian Harvey's Hollywood films. It's no surprise to anyone but Danielle when her client turns out to be a masquerading millionaire. La Darrieux is delightful, the cast including the mighty Alerme, perfect as usual in French films.



IF I WERE KING—Paramount

SOMETHING new in screen adventure! Don't be afraid you are going to get a great, big slice of heavy history this time—"If I Were King" is designed for entertainment only, and it achieves its purpose to such splendid effect that I suggest you take the whole family, and a few of the neighborhood kids along when you see it—you'll enjoy it all the more. Frank Lloyd and his scenario writers have evolved a perfectly grand show in which they merrily take liberties with Francois Villon, the Spider King, and their times—in which the dialogue is gay and at times witty, in which the characterizations are keen and the action swift. And, of course, there is the supreme added attraction of Ronald Colman. He may not be Francois Villon, in fact, I'm quite sure he isn't; but he is Colman at his most charming, and that is enough for me. If we're speaking of acting, it is Basil Rathbone's picture; see our Honor Page. It is also a minor triumph for newcomer Ellen Drew, colorful as *Huguette*. Lots of good brawls, with the battle of the Parisians and Burgundians providing the exciting climax. "If I Were King" may not be history, but it's the best of fun. Music to our ears: Ronald Colman's reading of Villon's verse.



TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

THE lovely lady known as Loy and the grand guy called Gable meet again, and their reunion is attended with almost as much excitement as in "Test Pilot." You may say, as some critics have said, that "Too Hot to Handle" is a glorified serial in feature form—and you may be right. But what was ever wrong with movie serials as swell entertainment? And when you can get one with all these marvelous modern improvements, and expensive stars, and a cast that includes Leo Carrillo and Walter Connolly and Walter Pidgeon, you'd better accept with thanks, as I did. Myrna as a lady aviator, Gable as a daredevil newsreel cameraman make a good team, against a background of breathless adventure that includes plane crackups, burning ships at sea, and hair-raising exploits among the savages of the South American jungles. Sure, it's wild and far-fetched, but it is always exciting, always amusing, and always expertly directed and acted. Metro knows how to make pictures like this—spectacular scenes, appealing people, and expensive settings all hanging on a thread of plot; and I hope Metro keeps right on turning 'em out—they're our best entertainment. All right—if this means being low-brow make the most of it—I only know I like it.



ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

IF YOU'RE one of those carpers who keeps saying, "Oh, I laughed twice as hard at the play," keep away from *me*. And if you don't like the Marx Brothers as much as I do, you can stay away. All right—suppose the original Broadway stage play of "Room Service" does seem funnier in retrospect than the screen version—how can you prove it? Anyway, if you can't welcome Groucho Marx back to movies without open arms, to say nothing of open laps, we have nothing in common. To see Groucho lope across the screen with his serpentine glide, his leering look slide over the hapless supporting players, to watch him in action as the shoe-string producer who keeps his playwright and his cast in questionable comfort, in his brother-in-law's hotel—this is to live, to laugh, and to love—so leave me with my dreams. The great Groucho, the lesser Chico and Harpo, are, of course, the whole show, but they are helped by several members of the "original Broadway cast" and by lithe Lucille Ball, who hasn't nearly enough to do, and by Frank Albertson, back to the movie big-time here and immensely effective as the bewildered young playwright who learns all about life and room service from the mad Marxes in their maddest mood.

Ray Jones,
Universal







She is a fashion law unto herself, is slim, blonde Connie Bennett, now starring in Universal's "Service De Luxe." Others may endorse the high hair-do and the brittle line—la Bennett clings to her long, sleek bob and gracefully chic costumes, as shown

Miss Bennett, in the large picture on opposite page, is picturesque in her favorite house-coat of shimmering blue printed satin. At right, two-piece informal frock of black light-weight wool with printed blouse of black and pink with large revers. Connie's hat is a tricorne of black felt with softly draped silk jersey scarf. At left above, a full-length white Roma evening coat designed by Irene—heavy embroidery in a leaf pattern of gold thread and gold sequins forms the jacket effect. At upper right, Constance continues to favor the flattering off-face hat, livens her all-black outfit with gold necklace; brightly tinted nails.


CLOTHES
for a
SOPHISTICATE
Posed by
CONSTANCE BENNETT



At far left: The charm of rich beaver on a soft bottle-green ensemble! Marjorie's hat is brown with green and yellow feathers; her handbag is green suede. At left above, a coat that's military in mood, of forest-green twill with high closing and green bone buttons. Marjorie's accessories are of matching green. At right above, black woolen three-piece suit, the jacket and topcoat shadow-striped in bright blue, red, and grey, the slim skirt of black, the little hat of black felt with green and blue ribbon bow.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by Marjorie Weaver



Violet, one of the season's best colors, in dull satin crepe fashions the evening frock at left above—the shiny side of the fabric featured in the paneling and front drapery. At right above, the sleeves of black and white striped woolen make this A Dress! Marjorie's black suede melon-shaped bag is monogrammed; her black antelope hat has a large pompon of silver fox. Now, at right—the romance of black velvet and snowy ermine, combined in her favorite evening gown—princess lines, flaring into enormous fullness; closely moulded bodice.

In "Hold That Co-ed" she personified the pert and pretty American college girl, to your applause! So we've invited Marjorie Weaver to select a wardrobe that's young, gay, carefree — at home in Hollywood or anywhere

Seven Stars Tell How to Chase the Blues Away

By Adele Whitely Fletcher



ANYBODY can have the blues. But only saps indulge themselves in them. Those who are smart fight the blues with every resource they can command, aware of the energy and the individual force and color which the blues inevitably take as their toll.

In Hollywood they look upon the blues as no small menace. Production cannot be held up because some member of the cast happens to feel low. And stars know how much they risk in attraction when they step before the camera while the blues have them in their miserable grasp. The ways in which they have learned to snap out of their depression are as varied as their temperaments. So find the cure used by a star with a temperament similar to yours and you'll have something—something that will save you the actual despair which the blues induce plus the energy and individual force and color which they destroy.

Blues? Olivia de Havilland, below, and Joan Crawford, right, tell you how to fight 'em.



Jeanette MacDonald once had a horrible siege of the blues. "Morning after morning," she says, "I would wake up hoping some subconscious miracle had taken place during the night and that I would have hope and courage once more."

Jeanette had the blues with reason at this time. The play in which she was appearing wasn't going any too well. Neither was her personal life. All of which meant she needed to feel top hole so she could take hold and whip her life into shape.









Experiences from the private lives of these stars will help you to solve your own problem

These famous people have all fought and conquered those dismal blues. Tyrone Power, Jeanette MacDonald, James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, and Billie Burke speak frankly in this feature story hoping that their experiences will help you.

"It was when I realized that the things that were worrying me weren't likely to improve until I improved them," she says, "that I decided to quit waiting for a miracle and to help myself. I had a fight on my hands and one of the few brain cells that was still functioning normally reminded me that the best armor a woman has in any fight is good-looking clothes. So I went shopping. I was only half alive in spite of my determination to shake out of it. I gave the salesgirl no idea of what I wished to pay. Consequently she brought me the most expensive models. I didn't know this immediately, however, for I didn't even trouble to look at the price tags. One dress pleased me and I turned to my mother for approval. "'It's charming,' mother said, 'and very becoming, Jeanette. *Very* becoming indeed!'

"I took that dress, even though the price tag, which I looked at finally, horrified me. Then, in the same high-handed manner I shopped for a hat, a bag, shoes, gloves, and stockings that would be perfect with it. I paid more than I could afford for everything. But, on the other hand, I couldn't afford *not* to buy them. For outside of the lift which the clothes themselves gave me—and a lift is one of the things you need most when you're crawling around on bottom—my extravagance gave me a sense of confidence and power. I'd show the world! They thought I was down, did they—well, well!"

Jeanette's eyes, blue and young, surveyed the peach satin luxury of her dressing-room almost as if she was taking stock of the long way her fighting spirit had carried her. "My blues cure is, of course, no good for those who are naturally extravagant," she explained. "But for frugal people I recommend it. I'm Scotch. My standards have increased with my income but I still do not buy a pair of stockings without asking the price and determining that it is a perfectly fair one. Therefore, a high-handed shopping expedition still serves me well upon blue occasions."

Up and down, with joy tailspinning into deep gloom, with feelings easily hurt—that's the Irish. And that's Spencer Tracy.

The more successful Spencer is in one rôle the more he worries. How in thunder is he ever going to top it, even equal it? He goes on from there. He works himself into a state. He becomes convinced he is through. In the doldrums he imagines his family and himself in obscurity and want. Mentally he goes around wringing his hands. Down at the field where Spencer plays polo they know the signs. For it's there Spencer goes to fight the blues always. When his greeting at the stables is merely a curt salute and half a smile and when he pulls on one boot and sits looking into space while he makes up his mind whether to get into the other boot or turn around and go home they let him alone.

"After the first chukker," Spencer says, "I invariably feel a little better. For that space of time at least I haven't been able to think about myself. I've had to think what I was doing or risk breaking my neck. And the instinct of self-preservation, I've (*Please turn to page 90*)

Hollywood Wedding

Swept toward a love that would not be denied, two screen stars find their happiness menaced by a glamor that made them targets of intrigue



By

S. Gordon Gurwit

Please Turn to Page 87 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER IV

"WHAT do you want?" Jean asked, sharply.

"Now, m'dear," Myles Tracy drawled, with drunken gravity, "don't talk to me like that! Called your home. The girl told me you were at a party. Have to see you, Jean—very important—"

"I can't leave here. It's impossible—"

"Nothing's impossible," he said. "Got to have more money—right away—"

"Good God!" she whispered. "I gave you all I had. Why, I gave you ten thousand dollars—"

"Lost it—Santa Anita. Broke—flat. You got plenty money—don't kid me! Want me to come out to th' party and tell m' little story?"

"Shut up!" she cautioned, desperately. "Where are you?"

"Drug store, near Hollywood and Vine. Meet you some hotel—"

"No," she decided, swiftly. She couldn't risk meeting the drunken Myles in a public place. "You know where I live?"

"Sure do, baby! I'll meet you there—"

"Wait for me outside," she said. "I'll be there."

"Okay, baby, be seein' you. Don't try to fool me, 'cause I need the money, an' the papers'll pay for my story."

"I'll be there," she said, and hung up. Jean sat in the dim room, listening to the overtone of the music, the gay murmur of voices. Faintness seized her. She had to find some way to placate this dangerous, venomous Myles. There was no telling to what fantastic lengths his vengeance might go. She had to stop him; some way.

On impulse, she went out into the garden. It was quiet and sweet-smelling here. The party would go on until the small hours of the morning, she knew. If she slipped away now, perhaps she would not be missed. Dick's car was in the garage. Carefully, she drove the car out to the road, and opened the throttle once she was beyond the sounds of the house. She faced a shuddering black abyss; all her nerves were humming with fear.

Dick Ramsey, whose close scrutiny had never left her all evening, watched her drive away and his mouth grew taut. She had received a telephone call, and now she was ducking the party. He grumbled under his breath and then looked over the cars parked in the driveway. One open roadster had the key in the ignition lock. Without a moment's hesitation, he started the car and followed Jean.

Illustrations By Georgia Warren

Dick wrenched the man away roughly, then his right fist flashed in a short arc—a blow that was vicious and skillfully cruel.



She was traveling fast. He kept her in sight all the way and was surprised to see her pull up in her driveway. He stopped a block away, abandoned the roadster, and, hugging the thick shadows, came abreast of the house in time to see Jean and a man enter the door. The house was dark, Dick waited, a prey to a thousand black thoughts. A light sprang up on the second floor. Jean's sitting room! He cursed softly, under his breath. A sardonic anger drove him on. This was something like the pictures he had once played in, which had been popular for awhile and then had proved a boomerang. Silently, with an obstinate resolve, he climbed to the veranda roof by one of the supporting columns. He moved with the stealth and sureness of a jungle cat, across the veranda roof. Standing in the shadows outside the open window, he saw Jean and a coarse-looking man he had never seen before. And the man was drunk. Jean was shot through with some terror that seemed to make her oblivious to everything.

"I tell you I have no more!" he heard her say, desperately. "I gave you all I had. I can't give you what doesn't exist! You've got to wait—"

"Can't wait," said the man, stolidly, blinking at the lights. "Got to have money, right away—"

"I haven't got it," she told him. "That's all there is to it. You'll have to wait."

"How long?"

"Until next week. I can get you two hundred then—"

"Two hundred! Chicken feed! I need money, I tell you!" His eyes blinked again. They seemed to focus on the slim beauty of the young girl who stood before him, like some living flower in her evening gown, her body straight and tense. He flicked his lips with his tongue. "Jean," he mumbled, "you sure grew up to be a l'il beauty! Got 'em all skinned! Look—how about a l'il kiss, for old times' sake? Huh? You used to kiss me—"

She retreated with a tense horror on her lovely face.

"Don't be a fool!" she cried. "Get out! I'll get in touch with you next week—"

He arose and stumbled after her, leering uncertainly.

"I'll go," he said, with drunken dignity, "but first—you gimma a kiss—or I'll raise th' roof, see? Tell my story—" He grasped her arm and drew her toward him, and Dick saw her ineffectual little fists beating against the stranger's chest. The man laughed, smothering her efforts with a drunken tenacity of purpose.

Dick waited for no more. He stepped through the window and walked over to the two who had turned and were looking at him in a complete bewilderment. He wrenched the man away roughly. Dick held him at arm's length with his left hand, then his right fist flashed in a short arc—a blow that was vicious and skillfully cruel. The other went down as if pole-axed, and lay, mute and motionless, on the floor.

"Dick!" whispered Jean, her eyes bleak and ravaged with tears. "Dick! Where did you come from?"

"Out—there," he said, his voice deliberately unemotional, nodding to the window. His lips were taut, his eyes flared with a raw flame in his guarded face. She knew his deliberate spacing of words when his mind raced.

"Dick!" she said, again, trembling. She felt the tug of her immense dependence on him, and a great tenderness welled to blot out everything else but the unspoken communion between their nerves, their eyes, the swift exchange of reassuring tender- (*Please turn to page 87*)









Getting along famously in London. Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat, top right. Peggy Wisher, above, and Mary Morris, right, who play in "Prison Without Bars." June Duprez and John Clements, center, in "Four Feathers."

London

News of private lives and studio doings of screen stars in Hollywood abroad

By Hettie Grimstead

ROBERT DONAT is certainly making up for the time he lost last year when asthma kept him out of the studios. The day he finished work on "The Citadel" he gave Rosalind Russell a souvenir bracelet—Antique carved gilt, for Rozzie is crazy about old jewelry—and then started on his second film with M-G-M's British unit the next morning.

This is the long-discussed "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" and Bob is playing the whimsical lovable schoolmaster through whose eyes filmgoers see the ever-changing pageant of boyhood life in a great British public school. The location is at a real school too, famous Repton set among the picturesque hills and wooded valleys of Derbyshire. Three hundred of the scholars returned from their summer holidays a week earlier just to act with Bob in the outdoor scenes—if that isn't real fan-worship, then you tell me what is!

Bob and Producer Victor Saville and the rest of the unit lived in tents on Repton's playing-fields—no, it's not the same thing as the campus but it'll all be explained in the film. When work ended for the day, small boys stood all around admiring the star at close quarters and watching him eat every mouthful of his supper. Of course they all wanted his autograph. As one twelve-year-old extra explained when he arrived with pencil and paper for the third time: "But, Mr. Donat, I have to get three of yours to swap for one Jessie Matthews!" Bob saw the joke too. He's a grand sense of humor and when it catches him, he throws back that handsome chestnut-brown head and shouts like a youngster himself.

Talking of schools, Hollywood's gangster gift to British films, the only Noel Madison has taken up cricket and the other day he went to the Sussex school where his son Toby is now studying and played in the annual Pupils vs. Parents match. As Toby bowled him out fifth ball, I can but think Noel is going to need lots more patience before he becomes as efficient on the cricket-pitch as he is with a gun on the screen.

Incidentally he doesn't carry one in his current film "Climbing High" for he is the wisecracking publicity agent who takes charge of Jessie Matthews' career as a professional mountaineer. Tucker MacGuire has been added to the cast to provide some snappy vamping—though she was born in Winchester, Virginia, Tucker has never been to Hollywood but gets lots of fan-letters from her home country simply through her many supporting rôles in British pictures. And Tucker has kissed Clark Gable too and been kissed passionately by him in return, six times daily for a fortnight, in fact. Clark was making a personal appearance (*Please turn to page 82*)

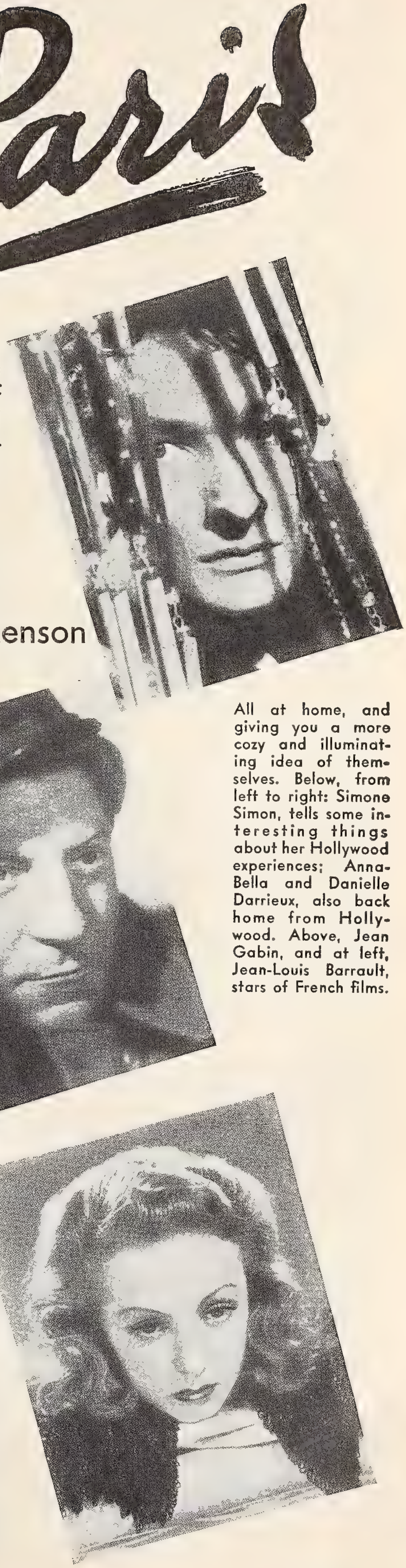
Paris

Here you meet stars of France and Hollywood at work and play in Paree

By Stiles Dickenson

"ALL birds come home to roost," so the saying goes. Three of France's highest flying little starlings have settled on the home roost and methinks their wings are a bit strained after trying the rarer and more difficult heights of Hollywood. These three starlets are Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon and Annabella. It seems to me a very difficult task that the producers set for these three young things. Here on the home lot they are surrounded by all their own comrades and are sure of themselves in their own language and atmosphere. Suddenly comes the long-dreamed-of Hollywood offer. Departure in a blaze of glory. Arrival in a bigger and brighter blaze of glory, due to American publicity methods. Transplanted into the vivid, blazing, and often unfriendly glare of California atmosphere and completely foreign surroundings they are expected immediately to exert that same appeal and charm in a strange language. I wonder how many of the glamorous ones of Hollywood could be transplanted to the Parisian studios and shine with equal brilliancy in the French language!

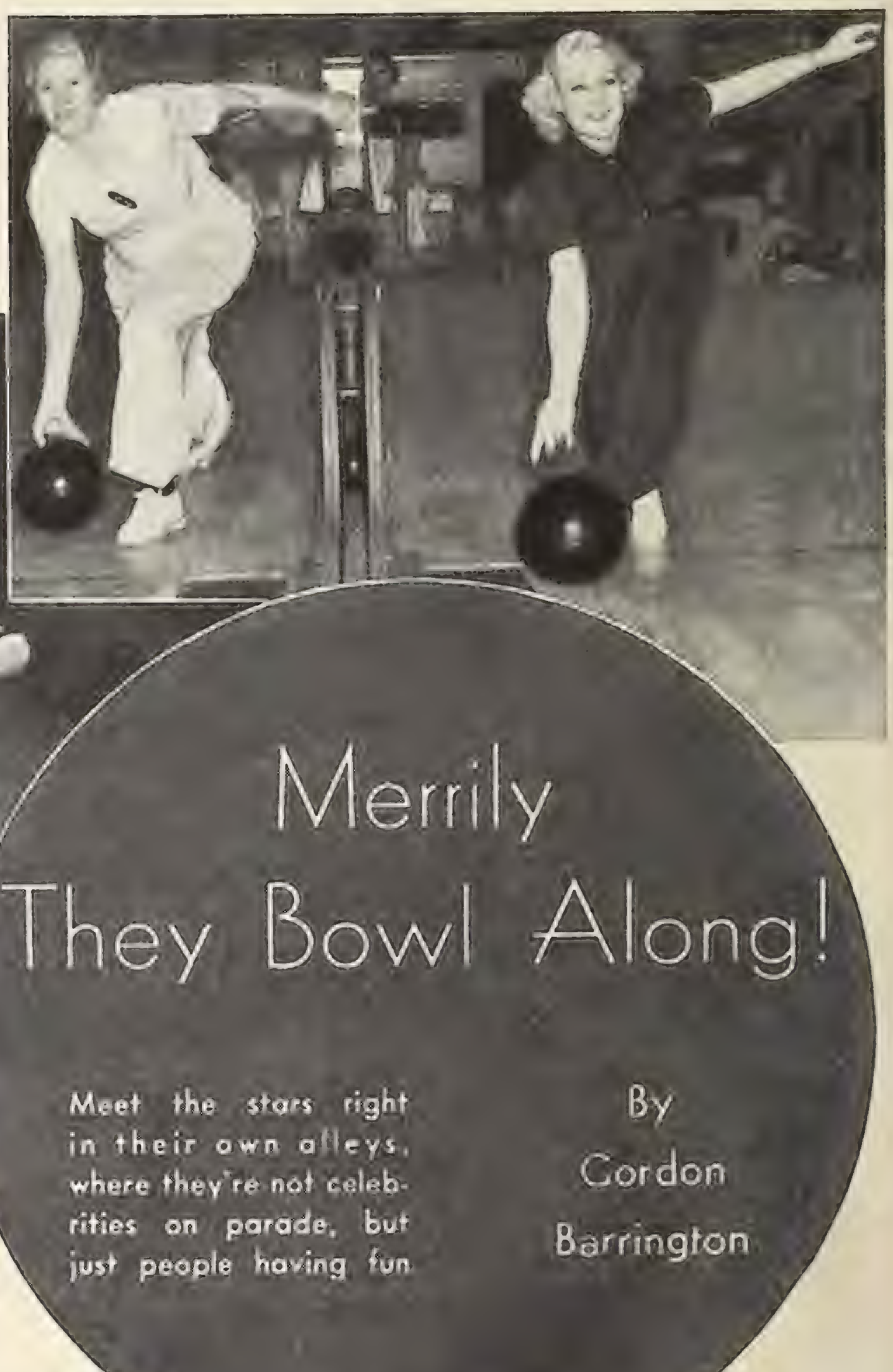
The Darrieux arrived and went almost straight to the studio from the boat train to start work on "Katia." Then Simone Simon tripped down the gangplank of the "Normandie." She was her same pouting, impudent self, but at odd moments between the pouts and impudence I detected a sad, unsettled note. Knowing that all sorts of rumors and tales have been spread about her temperament and the difficulties in handling her, she was prompt on the defence. "I always wanted to live my own life and always there was a barrier between my American associates and myself," said she with a pout. She denied flatly having told reporters that she was glad to leave America and hoped never to see Hollywood again. "My contract terminated and was not renewed so I naturally returned to Paris. I certainly hope that soon again I will return there and work. In the meantime I am starting immediately in Zola's 'La Bete Humaine.' My co-star will be Jean Gabin and I am so happy to be playing with him." Shortly after she arrived her latest film "Josette" opened in Paris. In the audience we spotted the familiar face, retrousse nose and all, but under dark hair which seemed to change her personality. Simone explained that in the afternoon she learned that the heroine of "La Bete Humaine" must have dark hair, so she sped to a hair-dresser's and let her blonde tresses be dipped to the needed dark tints. With her sun-bronzed face the effect was very fetching and, I must say, a pleasant relief from the banal blonde coloring that most gals deem necessary for a film star. (*Please turn to page 92*)



All at home, and giving you a more cozy and illuminating idea of themselves. Below, from left to right: Simone Simon, tells some interesting things about her Hollywood experiences; Anna-Bella and Danielle Darrieux, also back home from Hollywood. Above, Jean Gabin, and at left, Jean-Louis Barrault, stars of French films.



Here, at the bowling alleys, you find Hollywood with its hair down. The stars bowl for fun and exercise, and some of them are good at the game. Left, Alice Faye, shoots for a strike. Below, Gladys Beatty and Dorothea Kent. Lower left, Wayne Morris.



Merrily They Bowl Along!

Meet the stars right in their own alleys, where they're not celebrities on parade, but just people having fun

By Gordon Barrington

THE title of this yarn should really be "Hollywood With Its Hair Down"—for if at any one time and any one place the screen people fling all to the winds it is most certainly when rendezvousing at the sundry bowling establishments in and about the film capital. Here Hollywood becomes, for the moment at least, even as you and I, as Franchot Tone answers jibes in regard to his rheumatism, Joan Davis drops one of the heavy balls on her foot, Robert Taylor plays pool with the pin-boys and Mickey Rooney slides half way down one of the alleys on his face. With fun, horseplay and general all-around tomfoolery holding forth, such spontaneous things as this, for instance, have happened:

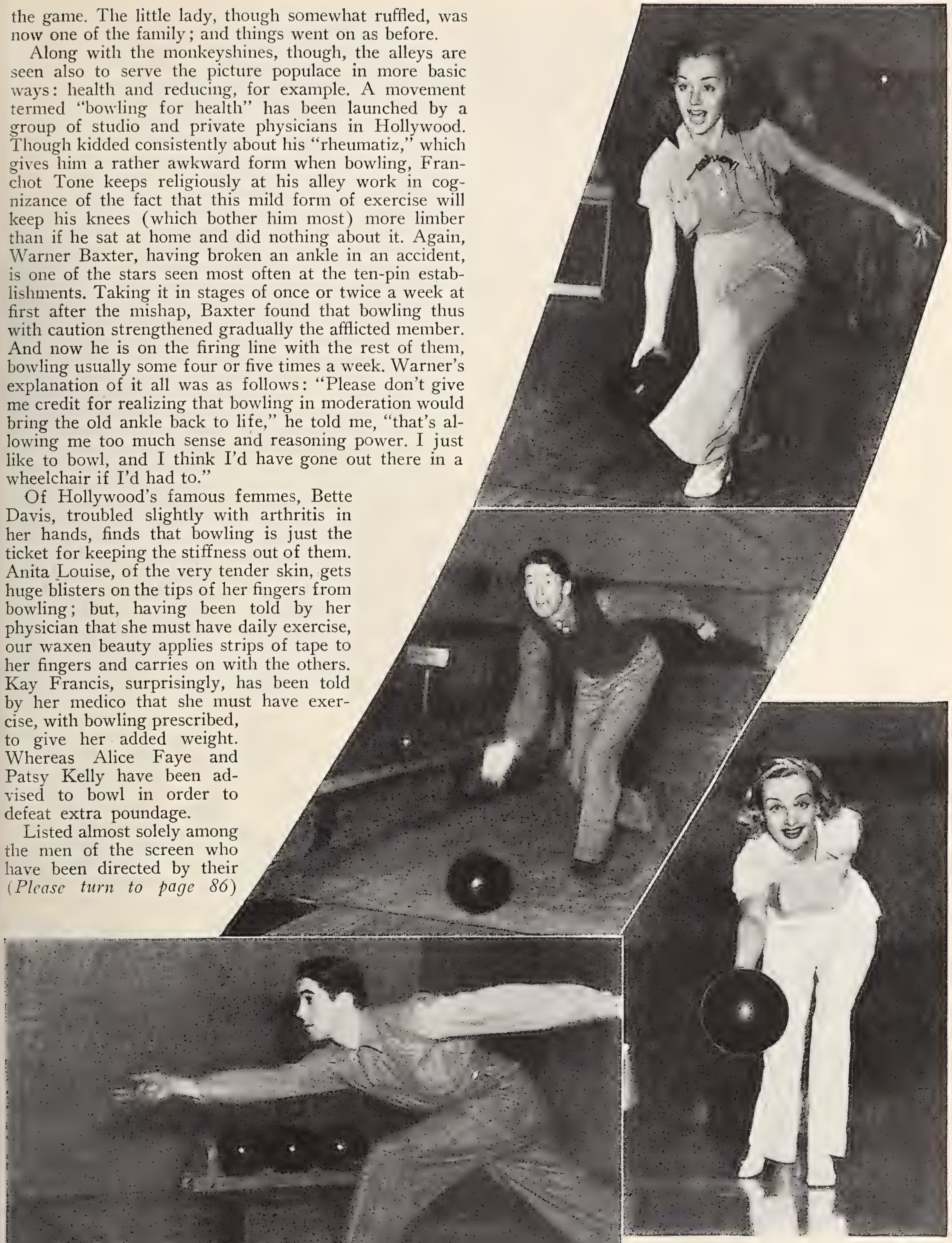
It was in Beverly Hills, and Gary Cooper and party were tenpinning it away, guffawing, cheering, or ribbing at every ball that was launched, chatting with both pin-boys and neighbors, and it appeared that this was just one, big happy family. That is, but for the little lady in the felt hat, who was obviously from out of town! She sat obliquely behind Cooper, and everyone but Gary, apparently, realized there was a rubber-neck in the house. The little lady's yokel stare must eventually have burned the neck of the lanky favorite, however, for in the middle stages of one of the strings, it being Gary's turn to toss a ball, he drew a careful bead on the pins, then hesitated and suspended operations pointedly, as though something were bothering him. Repeating this several times, everyone began to wonder what ailed him. Then, just as cagily, Gary turned about, and upon the little lady with the hat bestowed the favor of a huge wink—then went on with

the game. The little lady, though somewhat ruffled, was now one of the family; and things went on as before.

Along with the monkeyshines, though, the alleys are seen also to serve the picture populace in more basic ways: health and reducing, for example. A movement termed "bowling for health" has been launched by a group of studio and private physicians in Hollywood. Though kidded consistently about his "rheumatiz," which gives him a rather awkward form when bowling, Franchot Tone keeps religiously at his alley work in cognizance of the fact that this mild form of exercise will keep his knees (which bother him most) more limber than if he sat at home and did nothing about it. Again, Warner Baxter, having broken an ankle in an accident, is one of the stars seen most often at the ten-pin establishments. Taking it in stages of once or twice a week at first after the mishap, Baxter found that bowling thus with caution strengthened gradually the afflicted member. And now he is on the firing line with the rest of them, bowling usually some four or five times a week. Warner's explanation of it all was as follows: "Please don't give me credit for realizing that bowling in moderation would bring the old ankle back to life," he told me, "that's allowing me too much sense and reasoning power. I just like to bowl, and I think I'd have gone out there in a wheelchair if I'd had to."

Of Hollywood's famous femmes, Bette Davis, troubled slightly with arthritis in her hands, finds that bowling is just the ticket for keeping the stiffness out of them. Anita Louise, of the very tender skin, gets huge blisters on the tips of her fingers from bowling; but, having been told by her physician that she must have daily exercise, our waxen beauty applies strips of tape to her fingers and carries on with the others. Kay Francis, surprisingly, has been told by her medico that she must have exercise, with bowling prescribed, to give her added weight. Whereas Alice Faye and Patsy Kelly have been advised to bowl in order to defeat extra poundage.

Listed almost solely among the men of the screen who have been directed by their (*Please turn to page 86*)



Carole Lombard, above, is often seen at the alleys with Clark Gable. Left, Tyrone Power, one of the best bowlers in the colony. Upper center, James Stewart; and at top, Anne Shirley, who is among the most consistent members of Hollywood's social sallies at the bowling alleys.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD



Fredric March entertains between scenes for "Trade Winds," with a little hoopla via the hula—assisted by two extras and an expert grass-skirt swinger, seen on the right.

Latest news and gossip straight from studios and social haunts of your favorite picture people

By
Weston East

We take you behind the scenes to show Joan Bennett turning brunette and resembling Hedy Lamarr no little, for "Trade Winds." Below, the process; left, the intriguing result.

DID we hear someone say a chill has come over the Gable-Lombard romance? They must be thinking of two other people, or maybe it's just the weather outside. Last time we saw Carole, who has been working hard, and happy at being busy on a picture after a long studio rest, she was completely surrounded by Clark and several of their mutual pals, and everything looked as cozy as ever. The rumor continues that Mrs. Gable has finally consented to get a divorce, but unless she gets it in Reno or Las Vegas it will be a year before Clark and Carole could marry.

FURTHER information on the romantic angles of some of Hollywood's "first couples." The Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor devotion continues. You don't hear much about it because there's nothing much new to report—just constant and lasting harmony between them.

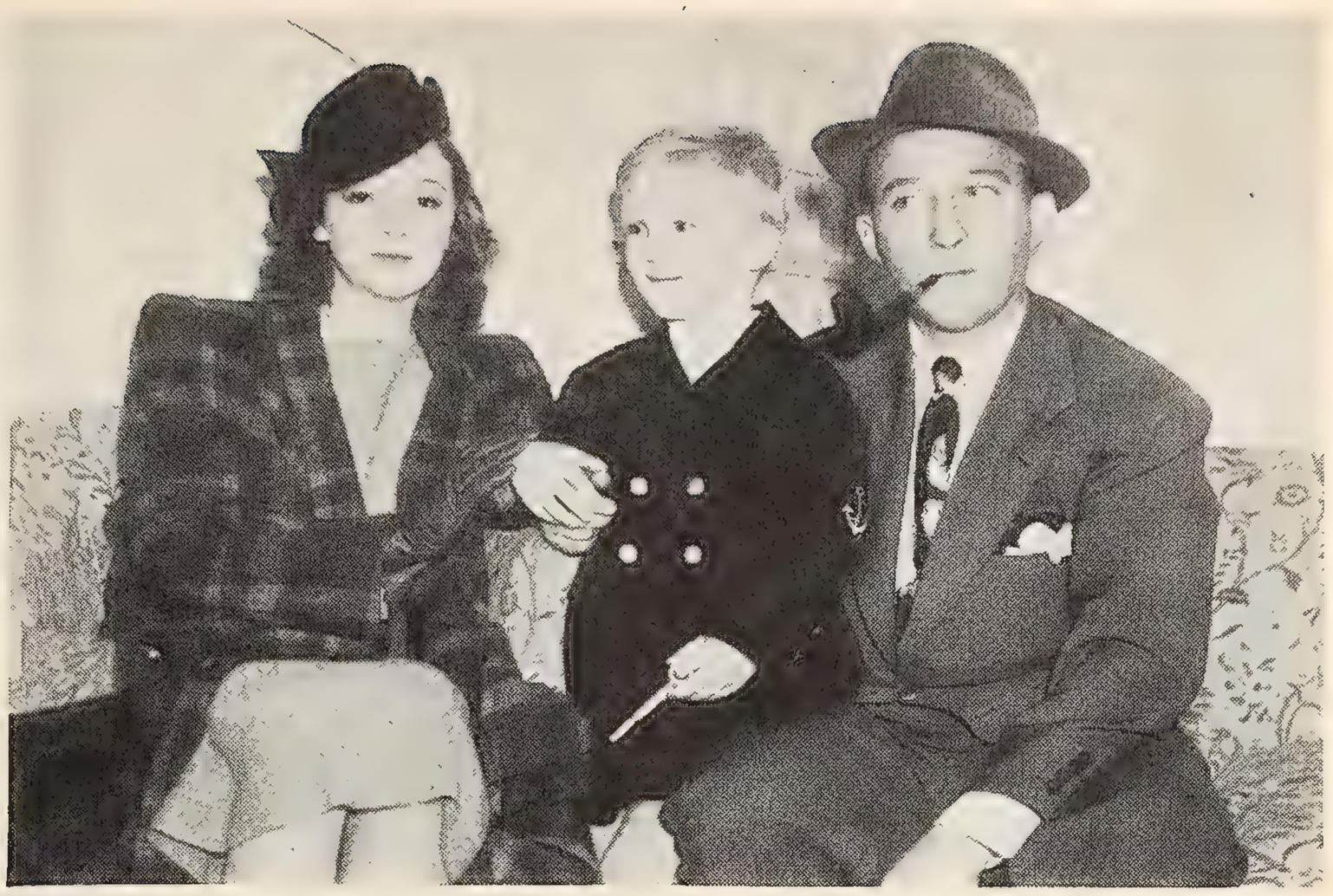
OUR own moviedom quiz: What noted actor, long married but recently reported on the verge of separating from his cute little wife, is stagging it at night clubs and paying particular attention to the prettiest singer or cigarette girl in the place where he happens to be baching it with fervor and flourish? Or maybe you can tell one of the town's most important actresses (she's free of marriage ties) which of the two most eligible young Hollywood heartthrobs, both her juniors, she should concentrate on. Or would you recommend that very wealthy, very social admirer she seems also to like so much?





Acme

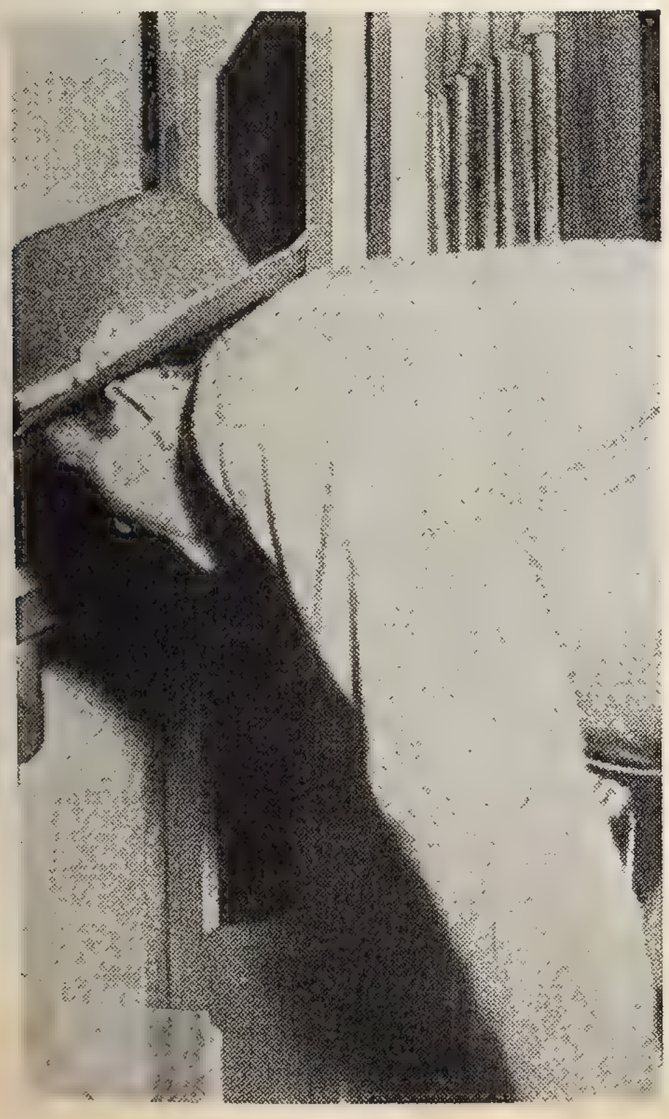
Benita the bride! Mrs. Ronald Colman, folks, is giving your camera a big smile in this picture above of Benita Hume, whose romance with popular Ronnie Colman culminated in their marriage recently at Santa Barbara.



Enjoying the boat ride! The Crosbys, Dixie Lee, son Gary, and you may recognize hubby and papa Bing Crosby on the right, off for a vacation in Bermuda.

THE slams of critics have never daunted Mae West, and when they said she was washed up in Hollywood she quietly maneuvered so that now she has the last laugh. She had a high-powered personal appearance tour lined up in case her major plan backfired; but it didn't. She interested three San Francisco banks in financing the Mae West Empire Pictures Corporation. With $5,000,000 capital she'll star in two comedies this winter and produce two films starring others. She'll plunge $1,500,000 on her first—which will be her idea of "Catherine the Great." Jimmy Timony, her long-time manager, is once again at the helm. Mae continues to live in an apartment instead of a mansion.

Director Tay Garnett, below, looks across at Joan as she makes the transformation from blonde to brunette. Right, the co-stars of "Trade Winds," Joan Bennett and Fredric March.





SHIRLEY TEMPLE will be seen absolutely "as is" in Technicolor. Ordinarily a special color make-up is used when an actress ventures out of black-and-white. They tested Shirley *au naturel* and in the most flattering color make-ups the experts could devise. When they ran off the reel they discovered that if they let her alone she'd be at her most delectable. Shirley, off-duty, is pestering her mother for a kodak developing outfit. She has a 16 m.m. movie camera, but she'd rather use her old Brownie and she's bent on developing her own film.

WHEN Tony Martin returned from his band-leading tour (he broke Benny Goodman's box-office records!) he found himself all moved into a twelve-room Colonial manse. Alice Faye Martin had thoughtfully installed two pianos in two music rooms—she decided this was the ideal method for preserving harmony between two singing stars who have to practice. She also ordered two separate runways for their two disagreeing dogs. Tony's Doberman doesn't think much of her snow-white peke. When both papa and mama are working hard the dogs didn't get sufficient exercise. But now, with their private runways, they are vigorous and bossy by themselves.

RICHARD ARLEN is the latest to turn gentleman farmer. He's purchased a hundred-and-seventy-five acres in the sector favored by Stanwyck and Taylor, but he's not quite as good at being rustic as they are. He added stables (he's invested $125,000 altogether) and then he proudly bought a new tractor. Feeling that he was mechanical enough to ignore instructions, Dick climbed aboard and wham—first move was straight through a new brick wall! It was totally demolished, but neither star nor tractor were hurt. Friends of the Arlens believe Dick and Jobyna Ralston may reconcile by Christmas. They were married for so many years. He says his dates with Virginia Grey, Metro starlet, aren't serious. Rickey Arlen, aged five, likely will bring mama and papa together.

RICHARD GREENE was almost palmed off on Sonja Henie; but he caught sight of Arleen Whalen and balked at the studio engineering a svenska romance when he wanted Irish-American. He and Arleen have dates practically every night, and Dick even arranges to take both his mother and her parents along every so often. He was wildly flustered when a columnist accused him of lunching with June Gale, one of Arleen's rivals on the lot. He explained profusely. It seems he was simply breaking bread with one Charlie Morrison, who nodded to June. Charlie had to answer a phone call, leaving Dick with the gal. It was at that inconsequential moment when the snooper happened to snoop.

THE first thing Claire Trevor did when she returned from her two months' honeymoon was to sit down and write thank-you notes for her wedding presents. She gave her ritzy home to her parents, and is renting a dream cottage close to the University of California at Los Angeles campus. She says the humidity in Honolulu drove her back to Lake Arrowhead for the last half of the honeymoon. Her swell radio contract is keeping her sufficiently busy—her husband produces it—but she'll be acting before the cameras again shortly. She turned down Warners' offer for a long-term contract. Claire got her fill of "B's" and she looks forward to free-lancing in three or four good pictures a year.



Cagney, impersonated and in person. Frankie Burke, who plays Jimmy as a boy in "Angels With Dirty Faces," and Mr. Cagney himself, above.

WHAT'S happened to Bill Powell? He won't be at work until after the first of the year, which means he's been absent from the screen for an entire year. He'd been proving that nothing succeeds like success; now he's demonstrating that law of averages. He had everything, it seemed. He was tops professionally, financially, romantically. Then Jean Harlow died tragically. He discovered that he was working far more for the government than for himself, because his big salary went so high the income tax grabbed most of it. Following Jean's passing Bill's own health began to break. He lost his desire to go on. But—good news. He recovered from two major operations and he is regaining his sense of humor. He refused to re-sign with M-G-M, but he promised to consider Metro's scripts first and so most probably he'll resume opposite Myrna Loy in another "Thin Man" film. Bill is living with his parents in Bel-Air, the swank neighborhood. He sees Ronald Colman and Benita Hume and Warner Baxter and his wife almost as often as Jean Harlow's mother.

NOT all Hollywood stars traveling east this winter will make the trip merely for the ride. The cameras are rolling in the studio Paramount built years ago in the midst of a factory-studded section just over the Queensborough Bridge from Manhattan's 59th Street. The plant where Gloria Swanson and Richard Dix made some of their starring "silents," where Claudette Colbert and others made their first film tries, now rings to the emoting of Sylvia Sidney and Leif Erikson, co-starring in an adaptation of the WPA stage hit, ". . . one-third of a nation." Other productions are to follow there.



The new Ranger. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy put on an act, after Bergen was made a Texas Ranger by Governor Allred in Dallas recently.

EX-STARS working in small supporting rôles this month: Alice White, Louise Brooks, Evelyn Brent. Once each was touted to the skies, had enthusiastic fan followings, made more than $1,000 a week. But they let flattery fool them. They spent lavishly, both of their money and their emotions. Now, wiser, they are trying so hard to secure one more big chance. All three women look as attractive as of yore, which is some help. But it's a bitter truth that Hollywood producers prefer amateurs to "old-timers." Esther Ralston and Betty Compson, who tried the come-back trail a year ago, can tell you that. They still have their looks; they are capable actresses. But they haven't the thousands they poured out in regal style—and since they can't re-impress they wish they hadn't been so grand when the going was good. They, also, lost out at matrimony. No luck and no love

THE reason Irene Dunne has stopped driving about herself and utilizes her chauffeur constantly isn't a spurt of ritziness. Irene is perfectly capable of combatting the worst traffic jam Los Angeles can stir up. "But I'll be no good to anyone, nor to myself, if I wreck myself on a bee," she explains. She was attacked by a bee while driving her gray sport roadster down Wilshire Boulevard and nearly climbed a lamp pole before she'd fought it off.



Mrs. Vernon Castle is now a technical adviser at RKO, for the production of "The Castles," Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire film based on her career.

GINGER ROGERS feels especially sentimental about one of the dancing gowns she's going to wear in her version of Irene Castle. She wouldn't trust the studio wardrobe to take care of it, but hauled it home where she could keep her own maid's eye on it. Why all the sentiment? Well, Irene Castle bought this dress twenty-four years ago for an important night with Vernon Castle. But she never got to wear it, because he enlisted and left for the World War and his death. Mrs. Castle, who came West to supervise the filming of the dance team's true life story, presented this gown to Ginger, who'll wear it in the picture. Astonishingly, while it is to be worn in a 1914 sequence, it's right up to date in style.



Barbara Stanwyck as a Junior Leaguer fond of pranks, and Henry Fonda as a reporter who knows a story, and a pretty girl, when he sees one, in "The Mad Miss Manton," at left.



John Garfield follows up his sensationally successful film début with a dramatic rôle opposite Rosemary Lane in Warners' "Blackwell's Island."

JEFFREY LYNN is taking this click of his with unusual modesty. He stayed pat in his tiny room at the Hollywood Athletic Club until he was positive Warners were going to keep him. With his first savings he gave his sister a trip West from New England; it was a high school graduation present for her. He got a tremendous kick showing her the sights he's just discovered himself. Now Jeff has rented a tiny cottage in the country and there he's living all alone. He employs no servant, caring for the house and garden himself. An alumnus of Bates College, Jeff's saneness has already been noticed by Rosemary Lane. They're cooing.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT regrets that she wasn't a wow in pictures more than she regrets anything else in her life. She thought she could follow in the meteoric footsteps of her pal Grace Moore. Far more a student than Moore, Gladys conscientiously did everything she could to



Cecil Broadhurst, young Canadian who makes his first appearance on the screen in "Youth Marches On," the film concerning the Oxford Movement.

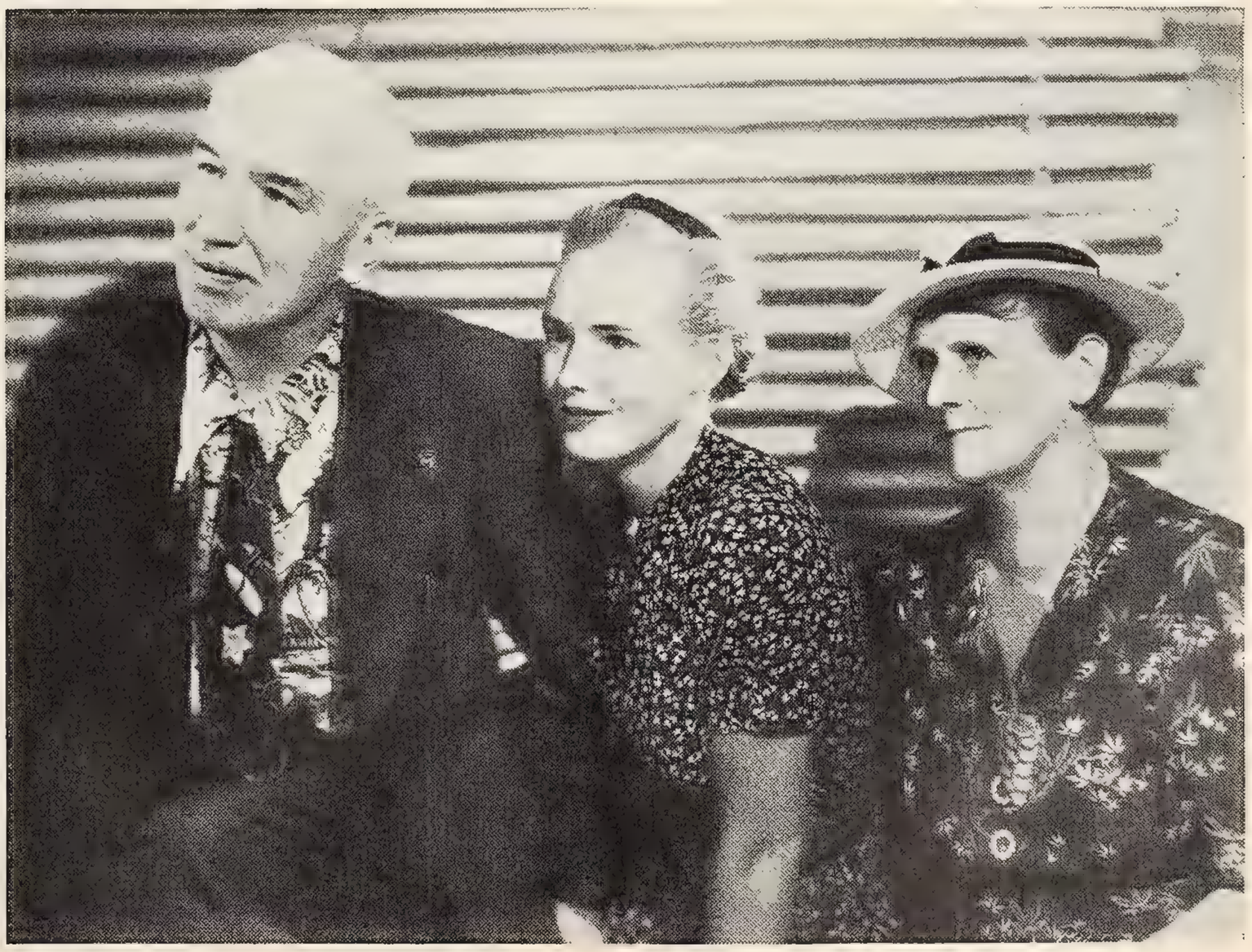
click on the screen. Her wise singer husband abandoned his own career to carefully manage her rise. She photographed beautifully, but for some reason the spark wasn't there. But at least she left the Coast with the best wishes of a multitude of studio friends. Gladys is as sweet to nobodies as she is to helpful somebodies. Nevertheless, Paramount cast Gladys in a "B" melo for her final assignment. If she hadn't wanted so desperately to be good in Hollywood, Gladys could just laugh and laugh. They did have to pay her $60,000 for this film because originally they'd been that enthused over her. Back in New York again, she's attempting to forget the excitement she experienced getting glamor; vows she'll think only of opera and concert hereafter.

THE new mystery man for the ladies is Walter Pidgeon. He's mysterious because he and his wife have separated and, so far, he hasn't given any other woman a tumble. Distinguished looking, experienced, Walter's been taking up much of his spare time buying clothes with and for his young daughter who attends a private school. Metro, anxious to capitalize on his suave ways, refuses to let his daughter's age be told. "But," grins Mr. Pidgeon, "she's too old to sit on my knee. Or do I mean—too young?"

ROSEMARY and Lola Lane had a shopping date with Gale Page the other day. They met per agreement for luncheon at the Brown Derby first. Bob Cobb, shrewd owner of the eatery and husband of Gail Patrick, dropped by their table. When he heard they were going on a buying bust he proceeded to give them such a lecture on what happened to stars who didn't save their dollars that the three alarmed gals called off the spree and went for a good clean game of ping-pong instead!

THE Sunday night jitterbug contests have been packing the stars in at the Hollywood American Legion stadium. They can't resist staring at the fantastic carpet-cutting of the high school kids who have swing in their systems. You can see practically every famous player in the reserved seat section. Mickey Rooney mugs madly as his favorite couple goes wild. Margaret Lindsay cries, "I want to be a hotsy-totsy, too!" No Hollywood name has actually tried to compete with the dizzy kids, but the craze has had some effect locally. Hawaiian music, which had prevailed, is out at the night spots. It's swing supreme from the Troc on down.

SPRING BYINGTON is neither fluttery nor overly-stern where her own two grown daughters are concerned. She'd been sending them to Columbia University, but decided to let them enjoy Hollywood if they wanted to. They didn't think much of the Coast, so now they're away from her again. The elder daughter is assistant stage manager for a road show; the younger is studying at a New York fashion academy.



Frances Farmer with her father, E. M. Farmer, Seattle lawyer, and her mother, who visited the star during the filming of "Escape from Yesterday."



Personality +

Beauty is not enough. But beauty *and* personality are an unbeatable combination!

By Courtenay Marvin

"MAYBE it's personality I lack," said a pretty girl to me recently. She had just lost her best beau to a rival. And so she felt very questioning and uncertain about herself. That's the way many of us feel when we get a bump. We doubt ourselves. Sometimes this doubt is occasioned by our appearance; most often by our personality. To doubt the first, often means a new hair-do, a hat or lipstick, because these things lift us into the clouds again in a jiffy. To doubt our personality is more serious. It undermines confidence in oneself. And it is so important, this personality. It can put us over quicker than all the beauty alone, all the gorgeous clothes, in this world. Because it is something people simply cannot resist, when it's the right kind of personality.



Personality pointers: Bette Davis' realness makes a powerful impression. Shirley Ross' very feminine appeal is enhanced by a lovely perfume. Irene Dunne always typifies the Lovely Lady.



Another point is that it's an individual thing. I don't suppose any two people are the same. It is *you,* pure and simple, and it's this very quality that lifts bit players to stardom. The stars aren't all beautiful by any means, but those that rise and stay high in the movie heavens all have personality. They are something in their own way that nobody else quite approaches. By the same route that you achieve beauty or at least good looks, can you work at this intangible thing, personality, and develop something there, too? I think you can. Then where or how to begin?

Personality is a definite thing. It is a kind of affirmative or "yes" quality. We admire, like or love people *because.* . . . There's a reason, whatever it is. Then, here you might begin by trying to think, feel, and believe definitely about things. You can best do this by keeping alert, by using your eyes, ears, and mind. Pick up what information you can on any subject, then think about it. Convince yourself, and you can convince others, if you want. This is somewhat a matter of not believing everything you hear, but listening, and then forming your own ideas. This attitude seems to develop individuality, hence personality. This may apply to how you make-up your face, your clothes, your manners, conversation, choice of friends, and on and on. When you get to this point, you will find you have a certain definite quality because there are definite things you stand for.

There are probably as many types of personalities as there are faces, and to say that this or that type is more appealing is only a guess because, happily, we all like different types. Look for a moment at the star names in marquee lights.

Irene Dunne comes to mind. I think Miss Dunne illustrates a type that the 1938-39 fashions have brought to mind—the lady type. No matter what rôle she plays, she gives it a certain elegance and graciousness,

because I think she is these things. If you look a little deeper, you will see that this is because she is completely poised and controlled. Two personality points well worth struggling for and I suppose Miss Dunne got them that way, too. She told me once of a terrific attack of stage-fright, and that is not poise. She resorted to something that has been known to tide many a girl over a situation—she sniffed deeply of an inspired perfume. In turn, it inspired her. The day was saved. Poise, let me add, comes easier when, having done what we can do to make ourselves look better, we then proceed to forget ourselves. Once, Miss Dunne told me how her coiffeur wanted her hair to turn up (then we were wearing it down) because he thought it better harmonized with the slight upward tilt of her nose. I think that nose is one of her lovely points. It's rather distinctive. So don't despair if a feature isn't perfect according to some old-fashioned standard. There really aren't any more standards for this kind of thing. Balance and proportion count today. Sometimes you can make your worst feature your best asset. Where would Martha Raye be without that mouth? Or ZaSu Pitts without those jiggling hands? Actually, they are lovely hands, but she has her own way of using them. If you are Miss Dunne's type, try never to betray yourself by hasty, rude words or actions. They shatter illusions of our lovely lady type.

There is a kind of romance about Bette Davis that is all her own. Because she seems a fearless type, one that would *dare*. Her mouth isn't the Cupid's Bow of Victorian tradition. It's a strong mouth—one that can say yes or no and mean it. When Miss Davis goes into one of her tirades on the screen, you can't doubt her emotion. Right or wrong, you have to believe that she believes it. This realness makes a powerful impression. There is great charm in being able to shift rapidly from a hard to a soft mood, and Miss Davis is a good example of this. Miss Davis was smart enough to dare that the playing of hard women parts wouldn't harm her with the public. She was brave in this respect. And bravery wins respect. A point of personality there—when you believe in something, have the courage to stand up for it. Then you aren't namby-pamby. Whether people will like you for it or not, at least they will not forget you and that's something. P. S. Most of the time they will like you! If you are this type, live up to it in appearance. Wear definite colors and lines; try

(*Continued on page* 85)

Speaking of personality—a girl who has it in abundance is Glenda Farrell.

Yours for Loveliness

New Beauty for These Blustery Days



Noxzema's Cleansing and Night Cream serves two good purposes. A grand texture, medicated, it is a way to skin health and beauty. In a star-studded, black-topped jar.

NOXZEMA'S Combination Cleansing and Night Cream takes the place of two preparations. True to Noxzema tradition, this cream, also, is medicated, so that your skin is benefited as you cleanse and as you later sleep with this softening, clearing film. Use first as any cleansing cream, gently massaging into the skin until the white (Noxzema) disappears. Apply again in the same manner and let the cream remain on. Delightful consistency, creamy yet light, and that fresh Noxzema odor that breathes skin health and loveliness. A splendid cream!

ARE you giving or getting a lasting gift this Christmas? If so, Lane cedar chests are something to look at. For the bride-to-be, Hope Chests are much in vogue. For brides-that-were, these chests are ever welcome. They are most useful and exquisite pieces of furniture; the fragrant red cedar keeps its sweet, protective aroma, and the beautiful veneers will not crack, peel, or mold. A moth insurance policy goes with each chest, and the modest price is a happy surprise. An enduring gift to be cherished always.



Use the Hollywood method of brushing on the new Kurlash Iridescent Shadette. It gives a jewel touch to lids, especially with upswept coiffures.

ALL that glitters is in high fashion this opulent season, and so come new Iridescent Shadettes, by Kurlash. A little on your daytime eyelids scintillates enough to be provocative; more, by night, sparkles dramatically. Our lady above applies Shadette correctly with Kurlash eye beauty brush, for a satiny spread. In blue, violet, green, and bronze.

SEVERAL months ago, I told you good things about Liquid Liptone by Princess Pat. And now users are telling *me* good things. Little wonder, for here is a new and appealing idea in lip beauty, a liquid with an applicator that makes shaping easy. It tints lips in a choice of six beautiful tones, and, best of all, it won't smear off on napkins, cigarettes, silver, or on your gentleman's lips or collar! It gives that wonderful sense of having naturally lovely lips and is protective and kind to them.

AGOOD little companion for these blustery days is Ice-Stik, a lip pómade by the makers of Hush deodorant. Use it to heal chapped lips, cold and fever sores; before your lipstick to make it spread smoother, and to remove very indelible lipstick. Sleep with some on to keep lips young and unlined. In the chain stores.



Ayer Beauty Caddy offers essentials for quickly remaking your face. Beautifying Make-Up Film is very new and very good. A vial of Pink Clover to lift your spirits, too.

ABOVE, is Ayer Beauty Caddy by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, one of those indispensables for quickly making over yourself. It contains Luxuria, that famous cleansing and smoothing cream; Skin Tonic and a brand new Beautifying Make-up Film, which conceals minor blemishes, gives skin that soft, dewy look and assures longer life for make-up. "Use it in the morning," I am told, "and your face will keep fresh until noon. Do it over then, and your face will look its best until night." Caddy also contains Beautifying Face Powder and a vial of romantic, lasting Pink Clover perfume, a new perfume scent sensation. Very, very reasonable, convenient for desk drawers and a sure way to make a good impression on boss or beau. Put this on your list of reserve gifts for Christmas. Anyone would love it!



Apply Barbara Gould Plastic Cream, leave on twenty minutes and you'll see a new face. It gives a renewed, radiant look to tired faces.

TWENTY minutes, practically no effort, and the results of a good facial with Barbara Gould Plastic Cream. This is a quick pick-up for parties and used two or three times a week, arouses the skin to renewed activity and life. It stimulates, tightens and smooths, and may be safely used around the eyes, that area that most often needs attention when you are tired, and shows it. The use of a preparation of this type also wards off blackheads, large pores, and drabness because it encourages good circulation. Every type needs this.

THERE'S a nice, new Jordeau Hand Cream, softening and whitening, in an unusual container. Most convenient and attractive. C. M.

Easy Does It Continued from page 27

comes to life with sudden alertness, swaps yarns and reminiscences, and takes a lesson or so in lariat-tossing. Because of the number of real cowboys on "The Cowboy and the Lady" set (the picture in which he is now co-starring with Merle Oberon) Gary hasn't been so happy in years. The tourists from Nebraska got quite a kick the other day when they walked on the set and found Gary riding away in a saddle frame on a sawhorse, lassoing studio chairs like crazy. He wanted to try out the saddle before he ordered it made. Gary's a practical soul and never spends money for what he can't use.

But even Gary's tolerance stretches a bit thin when he reads every year that he has been chosen as one of the Ten Best-Dressed Men in the World. It makes him awful mad. "Why, I never have more than two or three suits at a time," drawls Gary. "They must be crazy." The secret probably is that his clothes drape so well on his long lithe figure that he looks well-dressed in anything. He can't stand stars with a superior attitude (they give him a "pain in the neck") and if an interviewer even so much as suggests that he is "glamorous" he'll get up and walk away. On his occasional interviews he is particularly adept at saying nothing.

Symbol of the tall, silent romantic outdoor man Gary has had a hell of a lot of trouble with women during his years in Hollywood. Women have an awful habit of practically swooning in Mr. Cooper's arms (I can understand that). But now that he has married—and very happily—most women have developed a little restraint. Except for his wife and daughter Gary hasn't the slightest interest in the female of the species—and we might as well face it. Recently at the Hollywood Turf Club he was seen to be gazing long and intently through his field glasses at the little park in the middle of the race track. In the park was the Goose Girl (some of the "atmosphere" of the club) taking her afternoon stroll. Gary seemed so engrossed that several lovely ladies of the cinema in the Cooper box began to arch their eyebrows and make funny little smirks at each other. Mr. Cooper, like all other men, it seemed, was very interested in the shapely legs of the Goose Girl. Imagine their annoyance when Gary suddenly put down the glasses and turned to Mrs. Cooper and said, "You know, I believe I see two mallards over there in the lake!"

Soft-hearted and generous Gary is a sucker for a hard luck story, and always finds it difficult to say no. He was practically being panhandled out of his entire salary when some five years ago he took on Jack Moss, as hearty as Gary is lank, for his business manager. Since then there has been much money in the bank for Gary. Jack Moss, a man with an unusually keen business mind, has seen to it that the Cooper salary increased with the Cooper popularity. He also saw to it that people with sob stories were barred from the set. His valet, "Cracker," Gary hired "for laughs." Inasmuch as he never uses make-up in pictures and is very neat and orderly about his clothes, Gary doesn't really need a valet at the studio, but "Cracker" has one of those amazing Georgia drawls, right out of "Gone With the Wind," and Gary grins from ear to ear at his quaint expressions. A genial sort, "Cracker" knows everybody, and spends most of his time on the set figuring out how much money the different big-money movie stars pay the government. He takes great pride in that "Coop" pays the most. He never speaks in sums less than thousands.

Evidently all the money Gary makes doesn't mean very much to him, because he doesn't go in for show. Well, not now, anyway. His snappy Dusenbergs used to be the talk of the town, and Gary stepping it up to sixty on the curves out Sunset Boulevard was quite a common sight. But when he became a husband and a father he turned in the Dusenbergs for conservative family cars—and *never* does he take a curve on two wheels. He does all the mechanical work on his cars, in fact he likes nothing better than to take one to pieces and put it together again over Sunday in his garage. He is planning to buy a ranch—that's his favorite topic of conversation right now—but every time he goes to look at one they discover he is Gary Cooper and the price triples. He is quite envious because Joel McCrea already has a ranch. He and Rocky and little Maria Veronica often spend week-ends on the McCrea ranch where he and Joel ride while Frances Dee and Rocky mind the children.

The nearest approach to grandeur in his life now is his new home in Brentwood, which is done in perfect taste. but somehow doesn't seem to be the proper setting for Gary. Elsie deWolfe decorated the house and you see the deWolfe touch in the marble floors with inlays in dusty pink, black, Paris green. You see it in the window shades of uncut chenille. In the Zebra skins used for stair covering. You also see it in the baguette glass tables, and the innumerable mirrors which lend sparkle to the soft gray walls. In the old days Gary used to hang his trophies and his stuffed animals in his home; but that, too, was before he became a family man. The trophies and stuffed animals, souvenirs of his big game hunt into Africa some six years ago, are now in his dressing-room on the Paramount lot—the dressing-room he occupied, next to Carole Lombard's, for ten years or more. When he checked off the Paramount lot last winter, after "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," he went to the "front office" and made a special request that his pal George Raft get his dressing-room and his animals. Though they never go out "socially" he and Raft are great buddies. When you kid Gary about his handsome home, his reply throws a light on the practical side of his nature. "I built it with my own money," he says. "It's cheaper than if I had to pay rent."

As to whether Gary has a sense of humor or not there is much discussion in Hollywood. Some of the stars who have worked with him declare that he is "the sweetest man alive" but hasn't the least idea about humor. Others are equally emphatic that though you wouldn't invite him to dinner "for laughs" he has his own special brand of humor. I say he has humor, and plenty of it. He is never the life of a party, never tries to tell a naughty story, and never goes in for gags. But he has his own way of kidding. He just loves to have the co-star or someone in his picture tell him something in great confidence with a "don't tell a soul." With a perfectly straight face and his casual drawl Gary will say, "Why, I read that in Louella's column this morning." The poor distressed dame runs like mad to get a copy of the morning's paper. When

Gary Cooper teaches Merle Oberon an old cowboy custom—rolling your own cigarettes. It's a trick Gary knew even before he had to do it for films.





 Continued from page 31

his baby daughter was about to be born Gary took Rocky to the hospital. Just as they stepped out of the elevator on the corridor of the maternity wing, he pointed to a sign which read: "No children admitted in the maternity wing." With a slow smile Gary said, "There must be something queer about this place." The only time easy-going Gary has ever been nervous on a set was the day his first child was born. He was so upset over fatherhood that the studio arranged their schedule so he could have a few days off in which to pull himself together.

Gary is always getting his studio and Jack Moss excited over a little habit he has of planning trips. He will suddenly decide he wants to go to South America so he will study all the maps he can get his hand on, call up a travel bureau for circulars, make a schedule of trains and planes, and announce that he is taking a trip. "But you can't go," Jack will shout, "you have to start work on Friday!" "I know," says Gary, "but it was a lot of fun thinking about it." These amazing trips he is always planning to China and the South Seas usually end up on Long Island. He has spent his last two vacations on Long Island with Rocky visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields.

The nicest thing about Gary is that he never worries. That he leaves to Fred Astaire, Clark Gable, George Raft and the rest of the boys. He can be just as happy on fifty dollars a week, which was what he made when Goldwyn signed him on contract to play *Abe Lee* in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," his first real picture, as he can on the terrific sum he is getting now. He never goes into an artistic frenzy over how he will play a part. At the beginning of the picture Gary always finds an opportunity to say, "I'm not an actor. I can only do what I would normally do in life." The directors don't try to make Gary "act"—they just let him do as he would normally do in life.

I once had tennis instruction from Eleanor Tennant, who would always say when I rushed into balls and swung my tennis racket wildly, "Tsch, tsch! Easy does it." And so it is with Gary—he never rushes, or paws the air, he just takes his time, and "easy does it."

stuff," she pointed to the water-packed fruit, "I've eaten it until I feel like a drowned pineapple. I told the doc yesterday—'Doc,' I said, 'I traveled in cheap road companies all over America when I was a kid and I ate in the lowest dumps and boarding houses, but never have I tasted such lousy food as they have here.' See you later. I've got to walk. Five miles." I must say it depressed me to think about Patsy Kelly, who for years hadn't walked any further than from her driveway to her house, out there pounding the pavements on her poor tootsies.

Patsy stayed at the Santa Barbara hospital four weeks, I lasted two weeks, and Hedy settled for ten days. When she checked in at the hospital Patsy weighed 170 pounds but by the time she left she had shed a whole 45 pounds which brought her down to a slim 125. She is still on the diet, though it is driving her cook and her friends crazy, and has lost seven more pounds since she came home. I lost fifteen pounds while there, *and* my sweet disposition, and since coming home have managed to clip off another seventeen, which brings me down to a total loss of 32 pounds. Parties aren't what they used to be, but then I'm not what I used to be either.

But Hedy, ah, that was our problem child! With a whole regiment of student nurses marching through her room in the morning Hedy refused to get up. "Go away, I want to sleep," was all they could get out of her. Whereas, with their everlasting thermometers, dust cloths, and cheery "good morning, how's your elimination?" they managed to heckle Patsy and me into getting out into the cold gray dawn and walking to the ocean and back, they couldn't heckle Hedy. In a hospital one stayed in a bed, and Hedy stayed in her bed. She'd had enough of these crazy American customs. "That food, eet ees terrible," Hedy would shriek at the nurse who brought her tray. "Pleese, may I have chocolate ice cream soda? I have eaten your lettuce until my nose wiggles, like a rabbit's. See? A chocolate soda, pleese." But nurses can be awfully adamant, and when Hedy discovered she wasn't going to get anything tasty, she got out of her bed (this was the only thing that ever got her out), dressed, and walked down to the nearest drug store. "A chocolate ice cream soda," she said, "with two scoops, please."

One day she decided she couldn't stand it any longer. "I am starving, Reggie," she said dramatically over the phone, and within two hours Reggie Gardiner was there piling the Lamarr luggage in his car. "With a scarf tied over her hair and a box of cherries in her lap, Hedy sang all the way back to Hollywood," Reggie told me. "You'd think she'd just been released from prison." But now, at long last, Hedy has decided to reduce, and she is one of the most ardent followers of the Santa Barbara diet. She still weighs a hundred and thirty but by the time Spencer Tracy clasps her in his arms for her next picture, to be made soon at Metro, she hopes to get down to 120. She believes she gets better results staying in bed than she does exercising.

Another of the Hollywood contingent reducing at Santa Barbara while we were there was Mrs. Katherine Blondell, the charming mother of Joan Blondell Powell. Mrs. Blondell had been there for several months and had lost seventy pounds (I believe it's ninety by now), and was as pleased as Punch with herself, which she had every reason to be. Joan and Dick drove up to see her quite often and would always join us in one of those ducky little 1,000 calory trays. "Why, this is swell food," Dick would say. "Don't see what you girls are complaining about." This worked all right until one day after one of those "swell" meals I ran into him at a drive-in where Mr. Powell was consuming a hamburger and a piece of apple pie with ice cream on it. (Don't ask me what *I* was doing at the drive-up). Joan was so sold on the diet there at the hospital that after little Ellen was born she sent to Santa Barbara for a dietitian to install the diet in the Powell household. Not for the kids, or the visiting relatives, or the guests, but just for Dick and herself. And Joan has never looked better than she does now, as you'll soon see for yourself when "Unfit to Print" is released. Dick, I am afraid, is up to his old tricks. After a very sparing meal of pineapple and cottage cheese you can hear a faint noise in the kitchen—that would be Dick raiding the frigidaire. Joan





Atta girl, Merle! If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Anyway, it was good fun while awaiting the "camera ready" calls for "The Cowboy and the Lady."



Joan Crawford doesn't have to diet—likes ice cream, and eats lots of it.

feels like a martyr every time she turns down a potato.

The diet, which I have called the Santa Barbara diet, and which is followed by Hedy, Patsy, Dick and Joan, and myself, is a very sensible diet. I wouldn't take a chance on ruining my health for all the size sixteens in Saks-Fifth Avenue. *You should never follow a diet without first consulting your physician.* The Santa Barbara diet prepares everything without butter and salt—that's why it's usually so tasteless. With every meal you must have a glass of skimmed milk. Saccharine, not sugar, is always used for sweetening. Mayonnaise and any kind of dressing is taboo. On salads a special kind of dressing is used, and it isn't bad at all. It's a boiled dressing and you make it out of ½ cup of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of flour, 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon celery salt, salt, pepper, saccharine to taste. Thin it with skimmed milk. I think you will like it and it is far better for you than any of those fattening oils.

Sample Menu for an Approximate 1,000 Calory Diet:

BREAKFAST

Orange Juice, ½ glass
Strawberries, 3 heaping tablespoons
Soft Boiled Egg, 1
Bread, 1 slice
Skim Milk, 1 glass
Coffee (clear)

LUNCHEON

Stuffed Tomato Salad
(Tomato, 1 medium-size,
Cottage Cheese, 2 heaping tablespoons,
lettuce, 2 leaves)
Beet Greens, 3 heaping tablespoons
String Beans, 3 heaping tablespoons
Baked Apple, 1 medium
Skim Milk, 1 glass

DINNER

Roast Veal, 1 medium slice
Spinach, 3 heaping tablespoons
Carrots, 2 heaping tablespoons
Lettuce salad
(Lettuce, ⅓ head, Lemon)
Sliced Banana, 1 medium
Skim Milk, 1 glass

Learn to count your calories, that's the big idea. And never exceed 1,000 a day.

Of course, *everybody* in Hollywood doesn't go out of town to reduce. If you have good will power, and ignore your friends, you can do it all right at home. Bing Crosby has done a lot of dieting lately, and has taken more exercise than he ever has taken in all his life, Bing being the lazy type. He believes in fruit juices and steaks, cutting out as many starches, sugar, and fats as possible. He's one of the ardent rowing machine boys. Clark Gable believes in a punching bag for keeping fit, and cuts down on his breakfasts and lunches. For breakfast he usually has a cup of coffee, for lunch he is perfectly content with a pineapple and cottage cheese salad, but for dinner he cuts loose and eats anything he happens to want, or the cook happens to serve. Jeanette MacDonald and Maureen O'Sullivan believe in having protein dinner one night and a starchy dinner the next. Never mix the two. It balances the diet and gives you energy without an acid condition. Virginia Bruce believes in eating a big breakfast. She's the only star in Hollywood who sits down every morning to a big bowl of oatmeal with sugar and cream, buttered toast (and I mean buttered) and coffee with cream and sugar. "I always have eaten a big breakfast," says Virginia, "and I guess I always will." But for luncheon she eats only a fruit or vegetable salad, and at night she usually keeps off the starches and rich desserts.

Merle Oberon, who is one of us hearty eaters, has broken herself of the habit of eating chocolate bars and ice cream cones on the set during the day by drinking especially prepared juices. From one of the health stores here Merle bought herself a liquefier, which is a machine that consists of a bowl and a mixing wheel inside of it. Into this she pours some water, and then either a fresh fruit, or a fresh vegetable, and by the time the liquefier has finished with it she has several glasses of juice which she drinks all day on the set. Unfortunately I visited the set of "The Cowboy and the Lady" the day she was drinking spinach juice, and was lured into having a glass. If you visit Merle, time your visit if possible for the day she is drinking loganberry juice. It's the best.

Madeleine Carroll has brought back a four day diet with her from England which she swears by. If you like four day diets, here it is:

FIRST DAY

Sliced orange, orange or grapefruit juice
Coffee

1 large lamb chop
½ glass grapefruit juice

½ lb. steak
Large lettuce and tomato salad

SECOND DAY
same breakfast

2 lamb chops
2 sliced tomatoes
½ grapefruit or one orange

2 lamb chops
1 cup spinach
½ grapefruit

THIRD DAY
same breakfast

2 lamb chops
2 tomatoes
½ grapefruit

½ grapefruit
2 scrambled eggs
4 saltine crackers
1 tblsp. jam or jelly
1 cup spinach

FOURTH DAY
same breakfast

½ grapefruit
Either ½ boiled chicken or
½ lb. any fish broiled
1 cup spinach
2 saltine crackers

½ grapefruit
2 lamb chops
2 tomatoes

The gag of the whole diet is to keep down the liquid content. It seems that cups of coffee spread here and there throughout the day only unnerve you and do not help in the diet. The same is true of fruit or tomato juices. Drink water, but try to keep down the amount, as liquids of all kinds are fattening.

You will notice that in most instances the larger of the two meals comes in the middle of the day. This is because they say it is better to eat your big meal at noontime, rather than at night when you retire soon afterward. Madeleine says that every once in a while she eats her big meal at night when she is going out, but that most of the time she has it at noon.

After the four days are up, for the next three days you eat anything you want—and she says ANYTHING. After that you go on the diet again for four days, and then off for three, etc.

For a number of years Joan Crawford followed a very strict diet, and lost a lot of weight. How she happened to stop dieting several years ago makes a very amusing story. It seems she had some people in to dinner one night, skinny people with lovely emaciated figures. They went after her dinner with vim and vigor practically eating everything in sight, loading the potatoes with gravy, and the rolls with butter. Joan toyed with a carrot and a lettuce leaf while her mouth drooled. After they left she said to herself, "Mercy, if they eat like that all the time and never gain, maybe I could too." So the next day she ate normal meals, and the next day, and the next. At the end of the week she hadn't gained a pound. So then she started topping off the afternoon with a couple of ice cream sodas or ice cream cones. She still didn't gain. So now she eats anything she wants. Well Patsy and Hedy and Joan and Dick, maybe this will happen to us some day!



Maureen O'Sullivan's luncheon: cold cuts, tea, wafers. Nice, satisfying, but not too fattening.

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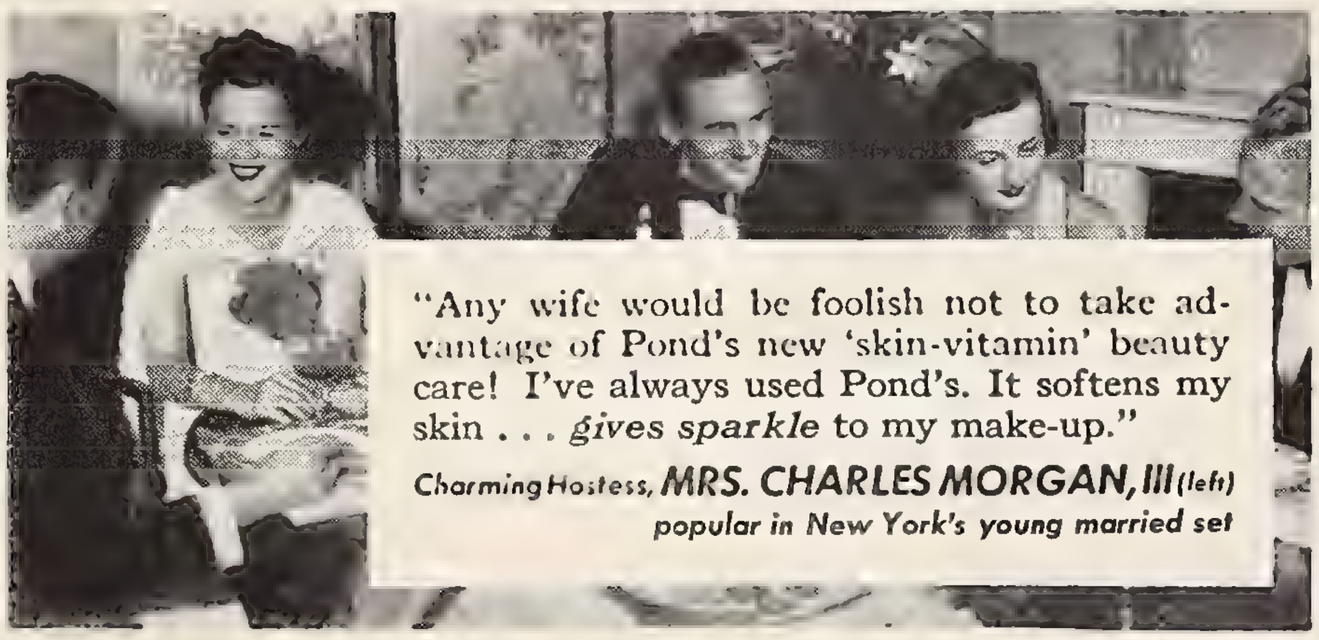
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(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

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popular in New York's young married set



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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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Mary Pickford Continued from page 33

isn't a question of a new hair-do and the smartest of clothes. In fact, Mary Pickford's arresting quality owes surprisingly little to her charming exterior. The exhilaration and excitement and action come from *inside*. It's as if a hearth fire is glowing—lighting and warming even the darkest corners. And, coupled with the light and warmth there's the constant invitation of a mind that is never still, and of an ambition that is always on its tiptoes!

I have watched Mary Pickford through the many phases of her changing career. I've seen her illumine every branch of the arts. And yet I have never felt that she was more of an artist than I did, the other day, when we discussed her new venture in the cosmetic field. For Mary Pickford is doing something that—to my mind—has never been done before. She is dramatizing her own beauty, and is putting it *literally* within the reach of every woman.

"How did I happen to go into the cosmetic business?" she echoed, as I asked the obvious question. "Oh, it hasn't been a sudden thing, at all. For years I've had exquisite creams and powders made especially for myself, and all at once I knew the desire to share them. I started manufacturing on a large scale—not, primarily, as a money making venture, but as—a contribution. Good creams and powders are usually so expensive that they're out of reach of the average pocketbook. I've insisted that mine shall be sold practically at cost."

I have seen the Fifth Avenue window in which Mary Pickford's cosmetics made their début. A huge photograph of her—a speaking likeness—dominates the window, and surrounding that photograph are some of her secrets of loveliness done up in beautiful blue packages. I say *some of her secrets* advisedly for—as I have hinted before in this article—an inner loveliness must remain uncaptured. Some beauty (unfortunately for the world!) cannot be packaged—even in a blue box!

Other famous women—stars of the stage and screen—have sponsored cosmetics. But few of them, I fancy, have put on smocks and gone into laboratories and tested oils and weighed ingredients—as Mary Pickford has done. She has been as interested in launching a new lotion or rouge as she would be in launching a new film.

"I want everything I do to be *personal*," she told me. "I couldn't put my name on a grain of powder that I didn't honestly trust—and enjoy using."

Entering the cosmetic business is Mary Pickford's latest venture, but the fact that she's now a career woman in still another field doesn't mean that she will neglect her first love. Although she didn't say so, outright, I'm willing to bet that we will see Mary Pickford in a new film in the near future . . . She will give something very important and vital to any characterization which she now attempts. For the years that have led her—ever upward through varying brands of fame—have richened not only her charm, but her dramatic ability.

* * *

For one who has been constantly surrounded by success and adulation and praise, Mary Pickford has known more than her quota of grief, but she has kept her sorrows locked in her heart. "I only want people to share my joy!" she told me, once. That these sad moments have not dimmed her is one of the miracles of the age! She has lost the ones that she most cherished—her precious mother, her brother, her sister and many of her closest friends . . . Two marriages that she entered gallantly and with high integrity have, through no fault of her own, come to a tragic end. I am glad that her seeking after the power and the glory that should be marriage has at last found its reward—for she and Buddy Rogers are supremely content.

"We so enjoy the same things," she told me. "Not gay parties and luxury and being the center of the stage—but *simple things* . . . Bud and I have had some of our best times when we've been driving down a country road in the rain, and have stopped off at a foolish little wayside stand and had a sandwich and a glass of buttermilk, and talked to the man behind the counter . . . Bud and I especially adore children and old people—we get lots of pleasure when we're able to discover what they're thinking about . . . But, for that matter,



Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.

we like all sorts of people—and want them to like us!"

Here and now I must make one observation about Mary Pickford . . . It's something that everyone, who has seen her on the screen, must feel. Mary Pickford has never talked down to a child or up to an older person. She has never been the Grand Dame to the man in the street, and she has never been the remote Lady Bountiful to the woman in the office. She has always been ready to sit on the floor and build blocks with any youngster, and she's perched eagerly on the edge of many a kitchen chair and jotted down the recipe for the pie that was baking in the oven. And I might add that the cook, who was responsible for that pie, never felt the slightest morsel of embarrassment because of her presence.

Mary Pickford's formula for happiness is as definite a thing as her formula for any one of the beauty preparations which will make the women of this generation—and the next, for that matter—so much prettier. "I've learned not to regret my mistakes in a *destructive way*," she told me. "When I've done something stupid or unfortunate I've used the experience as a stepping stone. I've worked hard—" (it's true—Mary Pickford works as hard, I think, as any day laborer—and this despite her dainty slenderness!)—"and I've played often enough between the working periods to keep sane . . . I've forced myself to rise above pain—I've tried desperately not to mourn for the friends who have Gone On, mourning would hold them back and I don't want my dear ones to be earthbound . . . I've always criticized myself mercilessly and I've never withheld praise from anyone who deserved it—" she laughed here—"including myself."

This last statement I question—for I have never heard Mary Pickford say anything that was even tinged with self praise! I've never heard her say—"I was splendid in that picture," or "My book was brilliantly written," or "I got a great ovation from my radio audience," or "I couldn't fight my way through that milling crowd of women who stared in at the cosmetic window." Rather she says, "I *enjoyed* acting in the picture . . . Writing the book was a *real pleasure* . . . People were so *sweet* to me . . ."

* * *

When I saw Mary Pickford the other day she was dressed in black, but it was not *black* black. Her blouse was a shimmering mass of sequins that caught and imprisoned wee gilt reflections from her hair—incidentally the famous Pickford curls are now massed high above her forehead. Jewelry? She wore none save only a wedding ring and a great square sapphire . . . She was still almost childlike in appearance—but her eyes were the eyes of a woman who sees clearly and is unswervingly fair in her judgments.

"You do look like a sixteen-year-old," I exclaimed—during a pause. "Darn it all, it's not fair!" and Mary Pickford chuckled and said, "Looking that way is a great asset to any woman—it should be syndicated! Even my teen aged niece babies me—to her mind I'm the niece and she's the aunt . . . I like to be babied up to a certain point—but when I reach that point I want people to know that I'm sure of myself and of what I'm doing."

I've seen Mary Pickford in action and *I know what she means.*

* * *

An interview with Mary Pickford is seldom an interview in the accepted sense. The public has been acquainted with her for so long that it is intimately aware of her appearance, her likes and her dislikes, her history and many of her dreams. When she goes upon a journey she is pursued by camera men and reporters. When she stays at home—and she is able to do this all too seldom for her own personal satisfaction!—the world peers in at her windows. And so—when I write of her—I always try to give an impression rather than a maze of words set in quotation marks. My impression of Mary Pickford—as I saw her a few days ago, in her drawing room—is the impression of a woman who is happier than she's ever been, and busier (if possible) than she's ever been, and more mellow than she has ever been, and infinitely more radiant!

Someone asked me—not long ago—how Mary Pickford has been able to keep her hold upon the public imagination. "Other stars rise and fall," said this someone, "but Mary Pickford is always outstanding. She never ceases to be America's Sweetheart. It isn't only the people who knew her in her first pictures that worship her—today's youngsters feel the same way. Why does she travel on and on when other stars stop?"

My answer is this: When other stars have made a picture they have wondered—"Where am I going?" But Mary Pickford has asked, *"Where is my picture going?"* It's been the same with her books and her radio work and it will be the same with her cosmetics. She's interested in the folk that she touches, rather than in her own future—and that's why her future continues to unfold glamorously. The interest and faith and affection that she gives out are returned to her a thousandfold.

Mary Pickford, you see, hasn't a selfish bone in her body. That, in the final analysis, is her secret of youth and achievement—and the answer to her long and successful search after happiness.

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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

Mad About Mickey

Continued from page 34

"Woo-Woo," he shouted, fairly falling out of his chair.

This being bored, with a dramatic touch, of course, (Mickey has been in the theatre too long not to have a good old hammy sense of the drama), is Mickey's special act which he puts on with adults these days. And, to give the kid a break, I must admit that some of their stupid, drooling questions must honestly weary him beyond endurance. "Nobody treats me grown-up," complains Mickey. "I get no adult consideration." Spencer Tracy likes to tell about Mickey "going into his act" at the party given in honor of the cast the night of the preview of "Boys Town." In the opening scene of "Boys Town" Leslie Fenton, as a killer on his way to the chair, says to Spencer Tracy, playing the rôle of *Father Flanagan,* that he wouldn't be on his way to the chair now if he had had one friend when he was twelve years old. It's a very dramatic and emotional scene, you remember, superbly played by Leslie Fenton, and it made a great impression on Mickey. At the preview party a number of middle-aged ladies kept asking Mickey cute questions about himself and no matter how he tried he couldn't avoid them. Finally, when he couldn't stand their drivelling a minute longer, he struck an attitude, and said, "If I had had one friend when I was twelve years old I wouldn't be in this business now."

Mickey lives in a house, not at all movie-starish, though it does have a swimming pool, out in Van Nuys, which is a little town in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood. Another great screen lover, Gary Cooper, lived nearby—until be got married. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mickey's mother and step-father, live with him and are nice homey people who are naturally quite pleased with Mickey's success. Mrs. Brown is the ideal movie mother, according to Mickey. "She's sure swell," he says about her. "She never tries to interfere with a man's work. I don't see how some fellows get through the day with their mothers sitting on the sets telling them every move to make. Even when my mother does visit a set she doesn't say anything."

But Mrs. Brown, who used to be Nell Carter of the vaudeville team of Joe Yule and Nell Carter, has plenty to say about Mickey, whose precociousness has never ceased to amaze her since he started walking at the age of seven months, and sang and talked at the age of fifteen months so well that he "stole" the show from a couple of professionals. "Mickey realizes he has been very fortunate," she says. "There were times when he was little that I wanted to give him everything that a boy could wish for. Now I am glad that this wasn't possible. He appreciates more what he has now, he knows the value of taking care of it, he realizes the importance of hard work. His salary is put in a trust fund for him. He gets an allowance of $15.00 a week. From this he buys his lunches and gasoline and takes his girl friends to the movies. Sylvester, of course, comes out of that too."

Sylvester is Mickey's valet, and the only concession that Mickey has made to the cinema since he came to Hollywood. Last February Mickey found himself working in three pictures at the same time, "Lord Jeff," "Boys Town," and a "Judge Hardy" comedy. "Gee," he complained to the studio bootblack one day, "I'm getting dizzy rushing from one set to another. And I can't remember what clothes belong to what picture."

"What yo'all need, Mick," said the bootblack, "is a valet. I'se gonna get you one."

The next day a nicely dressed negro of 23, named Sylvester Atwood, appeared at the studio, and after a brief interview, Mickey found himself with a "man." He immediately solved Mickey's wardrobe problems. His other duties are to take notes for Mickey when he is confined to his class room (Mickey has to go to the Metro school along with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, and Ann Rutherford), and buy ice cream cones for Mickey and his friends. At first Sylvester received $5.00 a week, but when he demanded a raise of $1.00 a week in his wages, Mickey juggled his budget and by cutting down fifty cents on his gasoline money, and fifty cents on lunches, he made it. Sylvester is very critical of Mickey's wardrobe. He suspects that Mickey had too many changes in "Boys Town." "Five changes," says Sylvester shaking his head sadly.

"Mick doesn't like to be synthetic in his actions toward other people," Sylvester continues. "He says exactly what he thinks and he wants others to say exactly what they think. Except that he has had more experience for his age, Mick is pretty much like other boys." According to Sylvester, Mick gave his best performance in "Boys Town" because he is a great admirer of Spencer Tracy and that inspired him to keep on his toes. "He likes Spencer Tracy best on the screen but in real life he patterns himself after Clark Gable," says Sylvester.



"Punkins" Parker and Gwen Kenyon, in "Artists and Models Abroad."

Clark Gable, by the way, played a very important part in Mickey's career. No wonder Mickey wants to be just like him. It was about five years ago when Mickey was twelve, and on the verge of starvation. Vaudeville was a thing of the past, and Mickey couldn't even get a job as an extra in Hollywood. He'd only worked about three days in three months. Then he had an idea. He called on Clark Gable.

"Mr. Gable," he said, "there's a good part for a boy in 'Manhattan Melodrama,' and I'd give my shirt to play it. I've been acting since I was a baby—and I know I can do it swell."

Gable liked Mickey and his straightforward approach. Sensing that there might be a lack of funds in the Rooney household he delicately asked if a little loan might help. "Oh, no sir, Mr. Gable," said Mickey with pride. "Mom and I are okay. You know—jobs have just been slipping out of my hands lately—you know how it is."

Gable knew "how it is" perfectly. There had been a time when jobs slipped right out of his hands too. "Sure, kid," said Clark Gable. He arranged for Mickey to get the part, and Mickey was swell, and it resulted in a long-term contract.

Mickey was born in Brooklyn and was named Joe Yule, Jr., after his father. He was introduced to the noise and excitement of back-stage life before most babies are permitted outside glass-enclosured hospital nurseries. As a matter of record, Mickey was given his first taste of vaudeville at the age of eleven days when his mother had to make a sleeper jump from Brooklyn to Albany to catch the act. From that time on tiny Joe Yule, Jr., (the Mickey part came later), was cradled in the tray of a theatrical trunk, had his milk warmed over the gas burner used to melt his mother's mascara, and cut his teeth on a stick of grease-paint. He made his début on the stage quite unexpectedly at the age of fifteen months. His mother left him on the floor of the dressing-room one afternoon busily engaged with an eyebrow pencil and a piece of paper while she stepped out for a cup of coffee. She forgot to close the door! That was all Joe needed. He toddled right out on the stage where Sid Gold and Babe LaTour, headliners, were in the midst of their serious act. When Joe suddenly stood on his head and wiggled his feet, the



Ann Sheridan's pet dog (his name is Boy), is big enough to give authority to his bark.

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Look what Tommy "Sawyer" Kelly's up to now! That's Tommy, left, sharing his joke with Ann Gillis, his leading lady again, in "Peck's Bad Boy With the Circus."

audience howled. Sid Gold knew it was bad business to compete with a child, and especially one as precocious as Joe, so he called "Sonny" right over to the middle of the stage, and said, "I suppose you can do the act better than I?"

"Sure I can," said Mickey, and without the trace of a baby lisp began to sing *Pal of My Cradle Days*. The audience went wild. Sid Gold was no fool—he hired the kid as a regular attraction of the Gold-LaTour turn. When his mother wants to tease him now she will recite some of the jokes that Mickey used to pull in "the act." "Have you heard the one about the saucer of milk?" Mrs. Brown will say. "It's the cat's." "Aw, gee, Mom," Mickey groans in all the soul-stirring embarrassment of a seventeen-year-old reminded of the cute little tricks of his childhood.

When Mickey was six his mother decided that it might be a good idea to go to California and get her son a job in pictures. He wouldn't have to work so hard and the environment would be better for him. It was tough going in Hollywood for awhile. The kid finally got a job with the Will Morrissey Revue.

He was still with the Revue when his mother, sitting in the back of the theatre, read in the paper at rehearsal one day that there would be a nation-wide contest for a boy to play the leading rôle in the "Mickey Maguire" comedies which were to be based on the Fontaine Fox comic strip and brought to the screen. That Joe was capable of playing the part she was certain. The only drawback which presented itself lay in the fact that the boy should be a brunette, and her Joe just couldn't possibly have been a more definite blond. Tests in Hollywood were to be called for the following morning, and she simply couldn't afford a good dye job. At about this moment in her quandary a blackface comedian walked across the stage. That solved her problem. In her old make-up box was a tin containing burnt cork.

Mickey, all corked up, got the job and immediately became *Mickey Maguire* in name as well as in character. From that time on, for six years, to be exact, and through seventy-eight pictures, Mickey made his name famous. He became thoroughly typed as the tough kid with the derby and cigar. Then came difficulties over which he had no control. Fontaine Fox enjoined Mickey from using the name of the cartoon character. And for the second time in his young life Mickey had to change his name.

"You know, I like Mickey," he said to his mother, "I want a name to go with it."

"Looney," his mother teased.

"That's it," shouted Mickey, "Mickey Rooney! That's swell."

It took a couple of years of struggle and despair, but Mickey will never go down without a fight. "Manhattan Melodrama" got him started. "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Captains Courageous" got him established. And now "Andy Hardy" has made him a star. There won't be any more name changes, it's a safe bet.

"Acting," Mr. Rooney is speaking, "is a great career. But not unless a guy can be like Spencer Tracy. If I ever thought I could be as good as he is, I'd stick to acting for life. But I don't think I have it in me. That's why I am planning to be a producer. Guess I'll go to college for a couple of years, just for the experience, then I'm going to start right at the bottom of the picture business and work my way up to producer. I'll be able to make it when I'm middle-aged. Along about 25, say."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add vinegar, salt, sugar and a few drops of green coloring. Cool and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in remaining ingredients. Pickles should be sliced thin and almonds chopped. Turn into one large or individual molds that have been rinsed out with cold water. When firm, unmold on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise.

"We aren't crazy about mince pies or plum puddings at our house, but we adore pumpkin pie, and now that Vicky is so enamoured of gelatine she's discovered a Pumpkin Chiffon Pie that we like a lot. It has a gingersnap crust that simply melts in your mouth! I never heard of it before, so it may be new to you and SCREENLAND readers."

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE
(Filling for one 9-inch pie)

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups Heinz canned pumpkin
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon Burnett's nutmeg
½ teaspoon Burnett's cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
3 eggs

Add ½ cup sugar, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices to slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook until thick in top of double boiler. Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot pumpkin mixture, mix thoroughly and cool. When it begins to thicken, add remaining sugar and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into previously baked pie shell. Chill in refrigerator. Garnish with whipped cream just before serving. This filling is delicious served in a gingersnap crust, made as follows:

GINGERSNAP CRUST

1½ cups gingersnap crumbs
¼ cup powdered sugar
½ cup butter (scant)

Crush gingersnaps and mix with butter and sugar. Pat mixture into pie pan. Place in refrigerator or cold place to chill thoroughly. Fill with pumpkin mixture and chill.

"Today I am having a gelatine dessert, especially for you, made with boysenberry juice and topped with whipped cream and a berry. Ooh—if I talk any more about food, I'll be hungry again!" She whirled out of the dining room, her painted skirts blowing after her.

"Come, see what I've done to my bedroom," she said, one hand on the slim white rail of the stairs. "It used to be white with a little blue in it, but I changed it to yellow. It still has the white rug, but I may change that to ecru."

The room is like sunshine, with delicately yellow walls, yellow silk drapes, a yellow taffeta spread on the wide low bed, and yellow silk trimming the dressing table. All the chairs are yellow, except one, and that adds a touch of blue in contrast. "I liked that chair a lot, and hated to change it, and now I'm glad I left it just as it was," said Jackie. "And now let's go downstairs again—I want you to meet Dinky."

Dinky turned out to be a fine black Scottie. Jackie smiled at him. "Want to show the lady how you can dance?" she asked. She took a piece of candy from a jar and held it up. Dinky rose on his hind legs, solemnly twirled around three times and accepted the sweet.

"I trained him by moving the candy in a circle," said Jackie, "He's cute—he'll do almost anything."

Dinky repeated his solemn dance, more rapidly, and was rewarded by another piece of candy. "But that's *all*, Dinky," warned Jackie sternly. "He'd go on all day, I think. Ever tasted this candy? Not Dinky's—his is always very plain—but Christmas Candy Supreme, I call it. I've always been a fiend for Turkish paste, and this is even nicer."

CHRISTMAS CANDY SUPREME

1 envelope plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 squares Baker's chocolate
3 cups sugar
1 cup sour cream
½ cup Sultana raisins
½ cup candied cherries
¼ cup chopped walnuts
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt

Melt chocolate over boiling water. Add sugar, salt and sour cream alternately, while stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point and let boil until mixture will form a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot candy mixture and beat until dissolved. Add cinnamon, raisins, cherries cut in small pieces and nuts. Beat until creamy, and turn into buttered pan, having mixture about 1½ inches deep. Cool, remove from pan and cut in slices for serving. The mixture may be put in individual buttered tins and when unmolding insert in top of each a sprig of holly. Servings may be garnished with halves of maraschino cherries.

Jacqueline Wells!

COLUMBIA STAR *Featured on Page 12 of This Magazine*

WHAT HAS HOLLYWOOD TAUGHT YOU ABOUT KEEPING SLIM?

An Interview With Jacqueline Wells Who Next Appears in "Thoroughbred," a Columbia Picture

Are There Any "Don'ts" About Dieting?



"One of the first things a talent coach tells a newcomer is—*don't diet strenuously*. It is too weakening. Instead, order a meal carefully, and select dishes that give pep without pounds—like the delicious new protein salads."

Are These Slimming Salads a Studio Secret?



"Heavens, no! I'd love everybody to try them. The only 'secret' is that you must use Knox Gelatine. Knox is practically all protein. And protein, I've learned, is non-fattening. But it gives the pep you need to succeed in any career."

But Aren't All Gelatines the Same?



"That's a mistake many people make. The answer is 'no.' Flavored gelatine desserts are 85% sugar. Knox is pure gelatine—contains no sugar. For a non-fattening salad, for *any* salad with a natural, fresh flavor—use Knox Gelatine every time!"

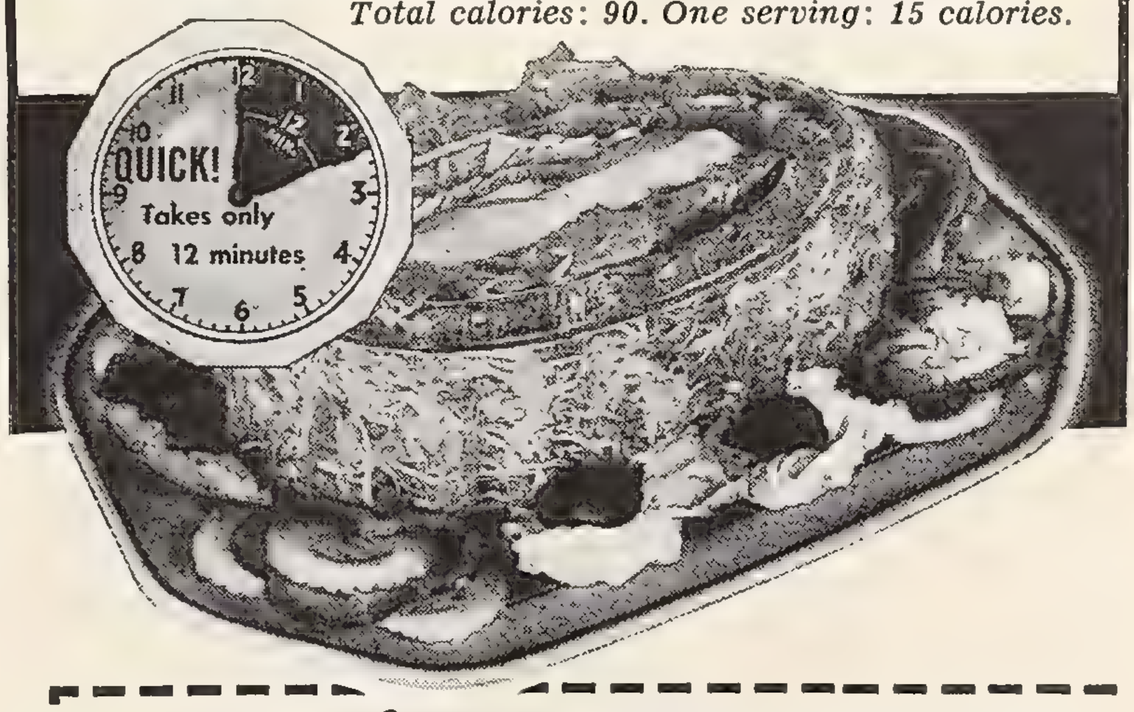
KNOX NON-FATTENING COMPLEXION SALAD*

Use ¼ package—serves 6

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- 3 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar
- 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley or raw spinach
- ¾ cup carrots, grated fine or shredded
- 1 cup hot water
- ¾ cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- 2 teaspoonfuls onion juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add salt, hot water; stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice, onion juice (extracted by grating an onion). Put in tray of automatic refrigerator. Turn up cold control; do not freeze. Prepare parsley or raw spinach, carrots, cabbage. When gelatine mixture begins to thicken, combine with prepared ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise.

Total calories: 90. One serving: 15 calories.



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*Actual preparation time: 12 minutes. Tested under the supervision of Professor Bristow Adams of Cornell University, Director of True Story Home Maker's Department.



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London

Continued from page 62

in New York at the time and saucy little Tucker was chosen to act with him in his stage sketch. Nowadays her contracts forbid her to kiss anybody—she's married to actor-author Tom Macaulay and he has firm ideas about these things.

"Climbing High" is the first film our brown-eyed dancing Jessie has ever made without her husband Sonnie Hale being somewhere around either directing her or acting with her. So she calls him up twice a day to make sure he is still safe and sound, Sonnie being busy at Ealing Studios several miles away playing *Sam Hackett* in the screen version of Edgar Wallace's famous mystery story "The Gaunt Stranger." His leading lady is Louise Henry. She came over for a short vacation from Hollywood and got herself signed up the day after she landed, which surely must have been a most agreeable surprise for the comely and capable girl who has not been very active in pictures for some time now.

Louise was wearing a gray English tweed skirt and a red and turquoise blue striped sweater she had knitted herself when I met her at the studio the other day. She told me she found London "just like home" and so she might with all the folks from California who are here these days. There's boyish Eric Linden and Jack LaRue of the broad smile, both with screen and stage work that will keep them in England six months. Blond wisecracking Lee Tracy is looking around the town with his bride Helen—he bunches her with roses every evening.

Then there is Edward Everett Horton, happily spending a quiet time wandering just where his fancy takes him and buying books and pictures and English hosiery to take back to Hollywood. Mary Boland was with us, her thirtieth holiday in England she informed me. I told her how to cook the genuine steak-and-kidney pudding and she gave me her special recipe for sweetcorn sauce and we had a long chat about Charles Ruggles. "Although we've been in so many pictures together, we have never met socially outside the studio," Mary remarked, "I have never been in his house and he has never been in mine. Strange? Not at all. Hollywood is like that. Plenty of the famous picture teams never see each other off the floor. They just belong to different sets outside and different sets don't meet each other in Hollywood."

Ben Welden's pretty wife Peggy has come specially to London to buy old English furniture and china. Now that Ben is getting places in Hollywood, they are having a new house in Beverly Hills and "You can't get the kind of antiques I want in California so I just came right over," Peggy said.

Louis Calhern is here, another of those screen menaces who turn out to be gentle sympathetic quiet-mannered men in real life. Una O'Connor came across the Atlantic between pictures just to see the friends of her former London stage days again and got signed to play in yet another Edgar Wallace story being filmed, "The Return of the Frog." She runs the waterfront sailors club where most of the action takes place, dainty Rene Ray being the heroine and our own Gordon Harker the comic detective.

Then I had an interesting long talk over tea with Verdyn Stapleton, blue-eyed blonde who was born in Hollywood and has worked in every studio there during the past six years. No, I know you've never heard her name and you have never seen her face on the screen but you certainly know her feet. Verdyn's feet have been her fortune ever since she was picked from a local dancing-school by Irving Thalberg, for all the famous Hollywood stars dance with Verdyn's feet. When Joan Crawford danced in "Dancing Lady," she did the smiling but Verdyn's lovely legs did the rest and so successfully she is now in regular demand and owns a hundred and sixty pairs of shoes, all different. Her feet have recently been Myrna Loy's and Simone Simon's and Alice Brady's—and what a story she told me about a certain Queen of Crazy Comedy who has a corn on her big toe and got it trodden on during one of those knock-about bedroom scenes. She cussed so loud that even the cameraman blushed and Verdyn's feet were hastily called on to the set to be photographed kicking the leading man instead!

Social event of the month was the brilliant premiere of "Prison without Bars," Alexander Korda's new film about a girls' reformatory starring Edna Best and the eighteen-year-old French beauty Corinne Luchaire. (It was intended to be all women but Alex yielded to pressure and brought in handsome Barry K. Barnes to play the doctor on the screen instead of being merely referred to by the women in their dialogue.)

Exquisite little Corinne of the Parisian chic is off to Hollywood in the spring, being exchanged for Merle Oberon whom Alex wants home again for three months to be the *Empress Elizabeth* in his next historical production set in old-time Austria. Corinne will certainly join the Californian intellectual set for she has a background of French culture at home, her father a well-known political writer and her mother a painter. She speaks several European languages perfectly and her hobbies are reading old classic poetry and music. She plays the piano superbly and used to enthrall everybody at the Denham Studios by her rendering of Chopin and Stravinsky between scenes.

Several Hollywood executives have already been after twenty-year-old Mary Morris, another startling new personality of "Prison without Bars." Slim, grey-eyed and with an untidy tumble of black curls, Mary is an amazing little girl—not even the "Dead End" kids could teach her anything about toughness! She was born in the Fiji Islands where her father was a doctor, has traveled all over the world and simply sneers at glamor. She generally wears men's clothes, or fancy silk jacket suits when Alex insists she "dresses up" for social events, and her hobby is making furniture. She has been carving and inlaying a mahogany table for her flat and often teaches the studio carpenters a few tricks with hammers and knives. Soon you'll be seeing her again with Conrad Veidt in "Burmese Silver," rougher and tougher and more spiteful than ever.

Pursuing his twin policy of introducing new screen personalities instead of borrowing them from Hollywood and putting the British Empire on the films in color, Korda is making the story of Burma an elaborate production with boy Sabu and lovely Valerie Hobson in the large cast as well. His present epic, "Four Feathers," is now on location in Egypt for the whole winter, the British Army there obligingly staging realistic desert battles for the cameras. Here again you will meet an entirely unknown actress starring as *Ethne* the girl Ralph Richardson and John Clements both love. She's brunette June Duprez, daughter of Fred Duprez the American vaudeville comedian though she has never been to America herself. She has eloquent hazel eyes, a surgeon husband, an all-white luxury apartment in Mayfair and a blue Persian cat. She spends a lot of her leisure cooking and serves a favorite mushroom soup that takes three days to prepare.


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Margaret Sullavan Forsakes the Screen

Continued from page 23

an atmosphere of great wealth. But the personal fortune he now has is purely the result of his self-made career. The Cornelius Hancock Sullavan-Garland Councill family tree reeks with blue blood—gentlemen of the Confederacy and all that sort of thing—but not much money in the exchequer. And so, like Leland's, Margaret's economic independence is the result of her own efforts.

Leland spends his money with Croesus-like extravagance. His monthly phone bill alone would feed all the Spanish war orphans. Margaret is far more practical—except on certain occasions, like the time three years ago, when she bought a 30-acre estate at Flemington, New Jersey, which she has not stepped inside since!

Her clothes, which used to be a negligible item, now add up to an imposing sum. Leland, as one of Hollywood's foremost agents, must be on hand for every important social event, and Margaret, who once boasted that she was the Hollywood actress who did *not* have an ermine jacket, always accompanies him, dressed in "le dernier mode." Despite her elaborate wardrobe, however, she still prefers slacks and dungarees, and when Brooke is old enough to walk, that's what *she'll* wear too. Incidentally, her wardrobe now is a closetful of baby finery, but out of all that melange of "le petite robes pour les enfant," Margaret's favorites were a white lawn dress and a simple tailored coat.

Born of a post-war generation, Brooke's parents have a reckless abandon toward life, principally, I suspect, because there are two guardian angels perched on their shoulders. Leland, whose grand passion is flying—(he pilots his own plane)—has been in several crack-ups, but he always emerges with no more serious consequences than being late for a business date. When Brooke was not quite five months old, he had already initiated her into her first transcontinental flight. Everyone was aghast—"Life" even photographed her for posterity, but Leland merely grinned, as he carried her down the runway at the Newark Airport, "To think she's never seen New York before!" he exclaimed.

Margaret's speed mania is cars. She works on the theory that everyone is as late for an appointment as she is, but she never gets a ticket—not with the name of Sullavan, and that potent Southern charm!

Of course, if Margaret Sullavan is not an important star, I'll take vanilla! But hard as it may seem to swallow, she honestly doesn't believe she is. And to try and argue the point with her, is just as futile as trying to convince a certain well-known star how *unimportant* she is! It is not surprising therefore to find that Margaret carries over this unstudied modesty where Brooke is concerned. Her pockets don't bulge with baby's latest snapshots, nor does she bore her friends with the usual ravings of a slightly prejudiced parent. In all fairness though to Brooke, I might add that Leland more than makes up for her restraint. The reason that she has three god-fathers is because Jimmy Stewart, Johnny Swope and Joshua Logan all agreed with Leland that she was the world's most beautiful baby.

It was nurse's day out the afternoon I got my first glimpse of Brooke, and Margaret was taking care of her. She was only four weeks old then—a pink and white bundle—but Margaret handled her with the experienced air of a Mrs. Dionne. There was no big act of "Margaret Sullavan, the mother"—no self-conscious pride—but behind that quiet efficiency I knew that this baby daughter symbolized the goal for which she had been restlessly searching these past few years—security with the man she loved.

When I first met Margaret, she was living in a one-room apartment on West 13th Street in New York. She would eat, if you reminded her that she was hungry. She bought clothes, only because they were a necessary evil. Being an incurable romanticist, she was in love and out of love most of the time. A conversation with her was like a ride on the scenic railway—a day with her was like a month in the country. She wanted to be a good actress more than anything else in the world.

If there is anything to prenatal influence, Brooke should inherit her mother's love of speed. The night before she was born, Margaret was at Venice (the Coney Island of Los Angeles) riding the chute de chutes!

"Leland was furious at me," she confessed, with an impish grin. "He was so afraid something might happen to 'Ferman' (that's what we called Brooke in her anonymous stage—it's a combination of Ferber and Kaufman). The next night, on the way to the hospital, I told him 'it' was a remarkable baby already. I was ahead of schedule for the first time in my life!"

Shades of Margaret's own conservative heritage! Her mother, a gracious lady who still lives in an age of hoopskirts, cotillions and Southern gentility, is as unfamiliar with her eldest daughter, as she is with the floy-floy and Ella Fitzgerald. Her father always opposed her career, and I suspect that the clashing of their two temperaments, both of them proud, stubborn and defiant, must have made a more effective scene than any that Margaret has since played on the stage or screen.

Perhaps it is because after she left Norfolk to soar her wings, she never had any "roots," she is now so grateful to have a home of her own, at long last. The beautiful estate overlooking the Pacific, at Brentwood Heights, which she now graces as mistress, epitomizes "journey's end" for her. Brooke, lying peacefully in a separate wing, and the babies to come will have luxuries that she never enjoyed—but what is even more important, they will have the complete understanding and comraderie of two swell parents.

While waiting for the January blessed event, Margaret took the time to appease her fans' demand for her, by joining Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young in the screen adaptation of Keith Winter's famous London and Broadway success, "The Shining Hour." In her poignant rôle of *'Judy,'* Margaret will suffer another tragic self-imposed death. This time she deliberately burns herself, so that Joan can have the man they both love. This is the first occasion that Crawford and Sullavan have ever worked together, and since Joan is Margaret's most rabid fan—she grows positively ga-ga at the mere sight of her—it will be interesting to watch their scenes together.

It may be another year before the screen will see Sullavan again—it may be indefinitely. For, despite the fact that here is indubitably a truly great actress, she means it when she says that "acting is only a side-issue" with her. Fame is a synthetic reward compared to a happy home, and now that Margaret has found hers, she is going to concentrate on the more satisfying career of wife and mother—and if when more babies arrive to expand the family circle (and they will!) someone should borrow Claire Booth Brokaw's cryptic question and ask, "Are you Roman Catholic or just careless?" Margaret's retort will be: "Neither, but babies last forever, and an Academy statue is as forgotten as yesterday's news!"

Personality Plus—

Continued from page 71

new things and speak your little piece if there is need. If you have a good, firm mouth, accent it with the newest lipsticks, the most becoming you can find, but don't try to make a Cupid's bow. It doesn't belong with your rôle and you'll lose something.

Carole Lombard is exceedingly good looking—perhaps beautiful. And you have seen her figure in evening gowns, truly something to pray for. But beauty isn't enough to please Miss Lombard. She doesn't hesitate to look ridiculous when a picture calls for it, and that's one of her points of great appeal. You've seen her, perhaps as the shipwrecked heroine crawling out of a lifeboat, looking like a wet mouse, hair in limp strands, clothes a mess. We'd look much the same or worse in such circumstances. It's all very, very human, and a good way for many of us to be on occasion—not necessarily just when we're shipwrecked. Being human is a great bond at times. Miss Lombard is a good example of beauty plus brains, an unbeatable combination. That is why she is often referred to affectionately as a good sort, a real friend, a regular person. So—if beauty, if chic, if charm or intelligence ever seem to put you on too high a pedestal, think of Miss Lombard and remember it's a good idea to climb down just a little now and then. Otherwise, you remain a too superior person and slightly frightening.

Glenda Farrell is another very regular person. She is the kind of girl that men can take their business and girl problems to, that will listen with an understanding and sympathetic ear. This is a great asset; it builds lasting friendships. This generosity seems to cover many aspects with her, too, for she is known for helping friends in distress. Miss Farrell is what I call a "give girl," a type that sees all, hears all, and never tells. If you are this type, at times you may think you waste too much time on others and think you'd better harden up a little and not give so much. Well, just try and see if you can. You can't, and that's your greatest charm. You are the very unselfish type, but see that you use this quality wisely.

Shirley Ross is a pretty, feminine type. This type goes well with curls, perfumes, and all the frivols that are in good taste. This is a type that men adore and want to protect. If you are this, then let them, for often the path to the altar is the surest one to happiness. And keep that feminine allure. This is your great charm.



Warner Baxter and Alice Faye, above, take opposite sides of a moot question as they enact a scene for "The Dawn's Early Light."

And so it goes with the stars and everyone of us. Everyone has some point of appearance and of personality that if pointed up a bit, accented, makes that person more attractive, more appealing. You, alone, must work on the personality, but in appearance, it pays everyone of us to look and listen, to read and try new things, mixing these external aids with our best sense and judgment. For example, just how do you look with curls piled high on your head? With your skirts shorter? With earrings? With a cyclamen or a red orchid make-up? Try things, but choose for a reason. In fact, speak, act, and think even for a reason—and you have something, personality! That combination of appearance and appeal—something people can both see and feel.





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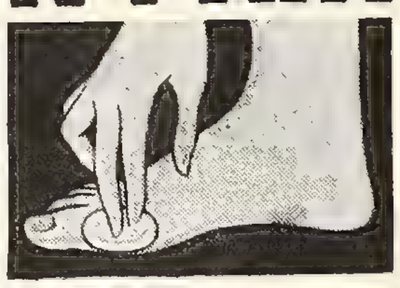
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Merrily They Bowl

Continued from page 65

doctors and studios to frequent the alleys for the purpose of losing weight is Guy Kibbee, who, however, takes it all most good-naturedly.

Bowling as a social function has gained rapidly in recent weeks in Hollywood, and seems to be one of the answers to the ever-perplexing question, where to take one's filmtown guests of an afternoon or evening, for something original. Coming several times a week in mixed sextet formation are George O'Brien, Joe Penner, Ginger Rogers, Richard Dix, Anne Shirley and Sally Eilers. A most consistent quartet is made up of the Gary Coopers with Cedric Gibbons and Dolores del Rio; again, the Eddie Cantors may be seen almost any evening bowling family-fashion with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. Twosome bowlers among the screen people are much too numerous to list completely, yet appearing at least once a week at the alleys of late have been Betty Grable with Jackie Coogan, Alice Faye with Tony Martin, Wayne Morris with Priscilla Lane, the Andy Devines, the Ray Millands and the Fredric Marches.

Unmixed, or stag and "stagette" bowling has become more and more popular lately, and the reason can be readily visualized here in the film colony. With wives and girl-friends working while husbands and boy-friends are loafing, and *vice versa*, it is not to be wondered at that the inadvertently neglected mate seeks solace and company with others who are in the same boat.

Leading the forces of the "picture widowers" is a group of eight composed of Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Robert Wilcox, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris and Jack Oakie. Pairing off in various combinations, these stalwarts of filmdom are becoming such addicts of womanless bowling that the lights of their respective lives are now finding it difficult to edge their way into a game with any one of them.

Other stag groups, rating lower in sheer numbers, yet none the less confirmed, are these: Fred MacMurray with Dennis O'Keefe, Joe E. Brown with his son, Joe E. Jr., John Howard with his father, the Snicklefritz Band as a unit, Joel McCrea with various studio technicians, orchestra leaders Phil Harris, Eddie Duchin, Ted Fio Rito and Jan Garber in assemblage, picture executives Darryl Zanuck, Harry Cohn and Eddie Mannix together, and, at the billiard tables, Bing Crosby, Ronald Reagan, Dick Arlen and Bob Burns.

But by no means are unmixed alley activities limited to the males of Hollywood. For bowling with men is a thing unthought of in the code of Janet Gaynor, who limits her alley companionship strictly to her pal Margaret Lindsay; and Patricia Ellis, bowling with the Durkin Girls, Patsy Kelly always with her cousin Wilma Cox, and Leah Raye only with her mother, are other prominent holdouts for a "stagette" regime.

Of the more efficient bowlers in cinemaland, the No. 1 position in organized competition is conceded, almost without argument, to Harold Lloyd. Addicted over a number of years, the bespectacled comedian has had no less than 18 bowling balls made for him, and, ever since Hollywood can remember, has maintained lockers in one bowling establishment or another. Lloyd's score is generally in the neighborhood of 250, and it has opened for him annually invitations to enter national tournament play. Other male screen personages whose game warrants their participation in Western league play are Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jackie Coogan, Gene Raymond, Johnnie Mack Brown, Wally Vernon, Allen Lane, and Leo Gorcey of the "Dead End" Boys, all of whom are in the class of considerably over 200.

Of Hollywood's actresses, Betty Grable has attained a record score of 214 in women's league competition, while Patsy Kelly wears proudly a button certifying her achievement of 200 or better. Betty, incidently, claims there is nothing like bowling as a means of getting one's mind off the studio. Between "takes" of her pictures Betty dashes down to the alleys.

Of the film ladies who come fairly close to a score of 200 when applying themselves to serious bowling, we have a list made up of Carole Lombard, Anne Rutherford, Wendy Barrie, Dorothy Lamour, Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Marjorie Weaver, Nan Grey, Jane Darwell and Dorothea Kent. Again lending support to the system of bowling "without heart interest," all of these actresses claim to have made their best scores when boy-friends or "hubbies" have not been around.

With all the monkeyshines, then, it seems



Happy notion—to cast Fay Bainter and Bob Burns in "Arkansas Traveler."

Hollywood is able also to take its bowling seriously. For proof of this we have simply to note that within recent weeks organized competition among studio people, and between studios, has gained by leaps and bounds. All of the major studios but two are now members of a Round Robin league, and nearly all departments of each studio are taking part in a race for trophies. Of these departmental teams, we find that already the Warner lot has 14, Columbia has 16, R.K.O. 14, the Walt Disney Studios 18, Paramount 11, and Twentieth Century-Fox 11.

But the inter-studio matches are the ones! With each team that represents a studio being sponsored by a star, bearing his or her name, and calling upon him or her periodically for "fight talks" in the locker rooms, leading contenders at present make up a list, imposing to say the least, as follows:

Claudette Colbert's Bears, Cecil B. de Mille's Bucanneers, Carole Lombard's Rover Boys, George Raft's Tigers, Bob Burns' Razor Backs, Martha Raye's "Oh Boys!"; Raoul Walsh's Wild Cats, Ginger Rogers' Stars, The Anne Shirley Stars, Ben Blue's Maniacs, Bill Frawley's Shamrocks, Charles Bickford's Villains, ("Dead End" Boys), Leo Gorcey's Dark Horses, and Director "Mitch" Leisen's Jaguars.

If these banners are not rousing Hollywood bowlers to do or die at least once a week for dear old somebody, then the inspirational powers of our screen luminaries have most certainly waned bluntly, and since yesterday.

Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 61

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Jean Taylor and Dick Ramsey, famous co-stars, are "engaged," for publicity reasons dictated by their studio. Actually they are married, keeping secret their elopement and living apart in order to continue careers under contracts that forbid either to wed. Jean is being blackmailed by Myles Tracy, actor whose marriage to her was annulled immediately after the ceremony. She goes to Dick's home to confide this to him, but finds Ruby Lloyd, cabaret singer, there. The rift caused by Ruby's scheme keeps Jean and Dick apart until their director gives a party in their honor. At the party Dick tries to explain that Ruby had come uninvited to his home that night. Just then Jean is called to the telephone. She is talking to the mysterious caller as the current chapter opens.

ness. She threw herself into his arms. He stood and held her trembling body while great sobs raked her. Dick was silent. Finally, she caught her breath with shuddering gasps. She looked at the prostrate man, her eyes still frightened.

"He's all right," said Dick, dully. "He'll recover. Suppose you tell me about this, Jean?"

So she sat down and told him—everything—and when she had concluded, he sat, silent, looking at the still unconscious man.

"That," said Jean, almost in a whisper, "was what I came to tell you, dear—the night I found—found—"

"Yes, the night you found Ruby there. I see. Well, we're faced with a problem—in the person of this handsome bird."

The "bird" opened his eyes and looked around in bewilderment; then his eyes settled on the tense face of Dick Ramsey, and went bleak with a cringing terror.

"Get up, Tracy," Dick said, coldly, "Jean's told me all about you. I ought to take you apart to see what makes you tick, but I'll give you a chance. I could send you over the road for blackmail—and I'll do it, if I have to. Here's some money"—he threw the other a roll of bills—"take it and get out. Tomorrow, you'll phone me at my home and I'll have some more money for you. You're going east with it Tracy. I'll stake you to ten thousand. If ever again I hear a word out of you—if you ever try to spoil Jean's life here by any insinuations—or open your trap to say that you were once married to her for five minutes—I'll break every bone in your carcass. I hope that's clear?"

Tracy nodded. He was sober now. Something told him, too, that he was a mighty sick man. All personal pride had long since left him. He picked up the money and got to his feet, swaying.

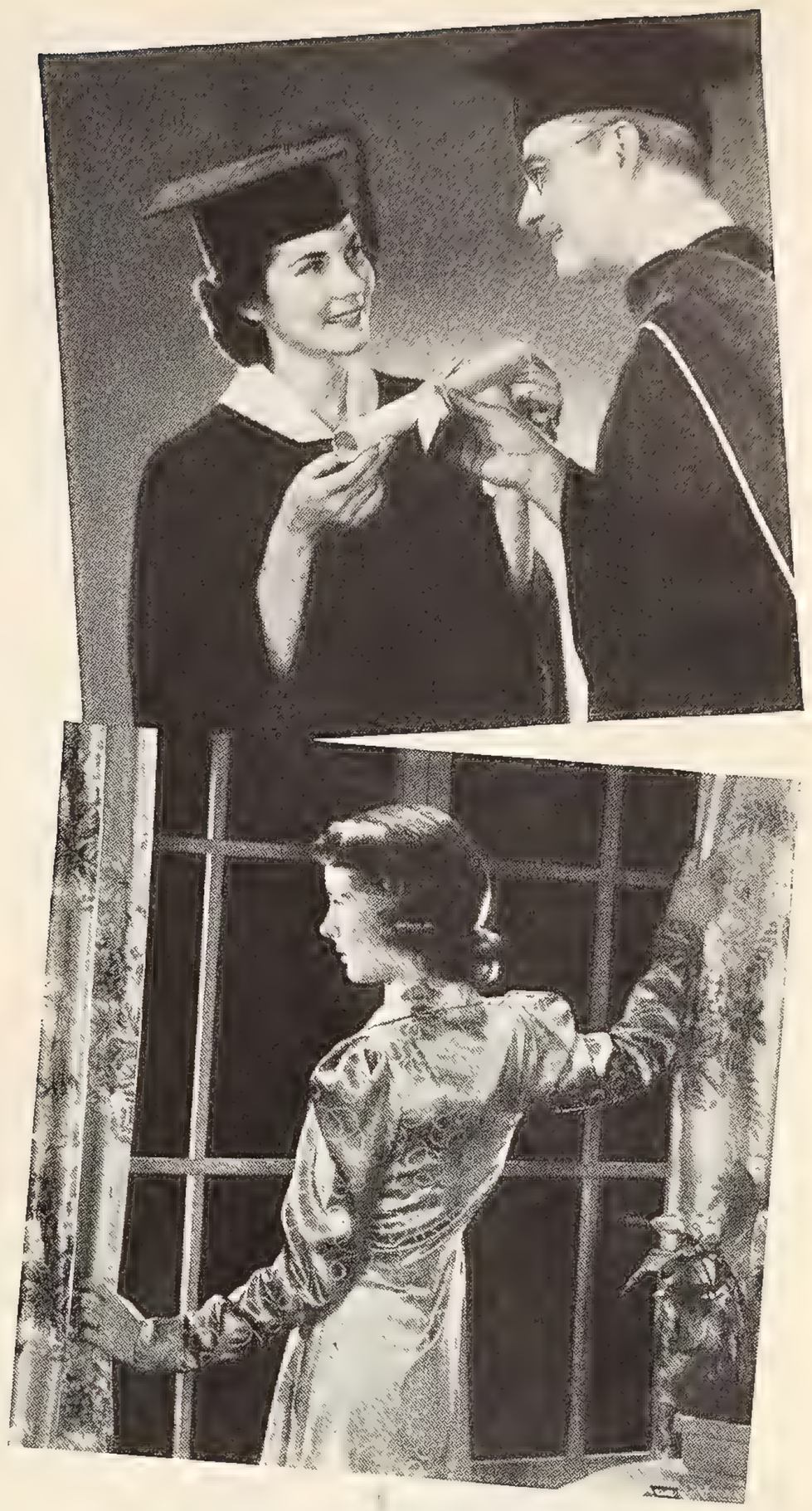
"I'll get out," he muttered. "I didn't mean to harm her. I'll go east and never see her again—if you'll give me ten grand. I swear I will."

"I'm sure you will," said Dick, easily. "I know you want to keep on living—Heaven only knows why! And you won't, if you stay here. Scram, Tracy. Your luck's out!"

He accompanied the stumbling man to the door, thrust him out and returned to the room where Jean sat, hunched in a vast depression.

"Well," said Dick, "what'll we do now?"

She won College Honors ... but *"Flunked"* as a Wife!



One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"

MANY family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy marriages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize . . . and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of mentioning it. If only there could be more frankness . . . but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". For more than 50 years "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and thousands of women, for the exacting needs of feminine hygiene.

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On location! Olivia de Havilland and John Payne, co-stars in "Wings of the Navy."

"I think," said Jean, "that we'd better get back—before we're missed. Dick, I can't let you buy Myles off with your money—"

"Don't be a child!" he snapped. "We've got to make a try to silence this thing. If it wasn't for you, I'd march him to the nearest police station and book him for blackmail."

"And, if he talks?"

"He'll never talk again, Jean. He's a coward. He knows what I'll do." He squared his shoulders, impatiently. "To hell with this," he said, recklessly. "I'm tired of pretending. You're my wife, Jean. You're going to live with me as my wife, and the studio and the contract can go jump in the lake! I've got enough for both of us if neither of us ever make a picture again. I'm going to tell Glassman we're married—"

"No!" she begged. "Not now! I want to go with you. I love you, terribly, darling. But there's no telling what Myles will do! I can't have your whole career endangered by my folly."

"Jean, I hate this damned furtiveness!"

"So do I. But we'll wait a little while. Later, when your future is assured we'll—"

She was in his arms, shaken, disorganized, but his kiss was a rising peak of flame in the vast, dreary emptiness of her; and her heart seemed to stop to listen to him.

He said: "Also, Mrs. Ramsey, to hell with the party! We can go back later. Since we're together, we can always claim we ran away so we could spoon in peace, and since I hate lies, we have a lot of spooning to do to catch up with the days we lost—"

They drove back to the party. Dick followed his own car, which Jean drove, in the roadster he had commandeered. No one seemed to have missed them, even though the party was in their honor, except Jean's mother; and she looked at the girl's radiant face with a tender smile on her wrinkled lips.

"Shush!" commanded Jean, mysteriously. "Too many people here, so Dick and I sneaked away by ourselves for a little while."

The party was in full bloom, and as self-centered as Hollywood parties of magnitude usually are: each guest was intent on his own spot in the sun.

Jean was instantly, however, stopped by a fat little man when she came back into the big room. "Hello! Having fun?"

Dick, encountering Bill Walters, grinned and said, "Hi!"

Walters said: "Hi, fella. Where were you?"

"Oh," said Dick, vaguely, "here and there. Out."

"Yeah," agreed Walters. "Is Jean back too?"

"Uhhuh! You see, nuisance, in order to put this spiffy little engagement over, we have to make it look real; so we ran away for a few minutes, so we could spoon, in private. Swell idea, huh?"

"Don't take this engagement too seriously, Dick. How do you manage spooning when you drove off in two different cars?"

"It's done with mirrors," explained Dick, smiling sympathetically at Walters, then, walking clean-prowed as a clipper ship leaving a handsome wake, he joined a close-knit group that welcomed him gaily.

"Nuts!" apostrophized Walters, with a tight grin, his schooled eyes sharp. He'd watched Jean for two years. He'd loved her all that time, but what chance had he? He'd picked her to co-star opposite Dick, knowing she was a natural; and then, he saw how things were with them. Well, he supposed, eventually she would marry Dick Ramsey. They certainly were a marvelous-looking couple.

He saw Jean, again surrounded by an admiring group. The girl's face was a poem. "Well," Walters told himself, "I think the juice is turned on again, and maybe I know why, damn it!"

There might have been cause for alarm if Dick or Jean had followed the sullen Myles Tracy the evening he left Jean's home. The crashing blow on the jaw had sobered him, but it had left a smouldering anger. He went to the little hotel where he had taken a room and washed up. His jaw ached and he was jittery. A few streets away was one of the bright night spots of Hollywood, where he had spent a few evenings. There was a red-hot number there, too, who knew how to put a song over with insidious meanings. He looked at the roll of bills Dick had tossed him. Over two hundred dollars!

Twenty minutes later, he was at the Swan's Pond. The orchestra, on a plat-

form like an island in the tropics, was surrounded by water and foliage. When the café went dark, Ruby Lloyd, in a boat that looked like a great swan, was propelled out in front of the orchestra. Here, lighted by a spot, in as little clothes as the law allowed, she sang in her sweet, husky voice, a song of sly inferences and many meanings.

Myles Tracy had been a visitor here since his successful raid on Jean's bank account. His prodigal use of money had interested Ruby. Having seen him with Jean and overheard their conversation, she cultivated him. They had, since, shared drinks and dinner, and Myles Tracy had poured out some of his grievances; but he had been cagey under questioning.

After her number, dressed again in a sheer evening gown, she sat with him, sharp-eyed, lazily leading his conversation on, hoping to learn his relationship to Jean. This battered drunk knew something, she was sure, that would put a weapon of retaliation and revenge in her hands. Certainly, Jean had given Myles Tracy money. Why? If she knew. If she could pull Jean down from her pedestal, prove there were mud-stains—

He eyed her. "How come you aren't in the movies, Ruby? You've got about everything it takes."

She shrugged. "I don't screen. Not the type."

"That's what they tell me, too!" he gritted. "I'm not the type! Hell, I could show these pretty boys something about acting!" He shrugged. "Only, you never get the chance."

"Are you an actor?"

"I was, once—legitimate. Now, the Dick Ramseys of the world make the big dough."

"And how!" She added, cannily: "Know him?"

"Plenty!"

"Know anything good?" she continued, off-hand.

Tracy shrugged. He had consumed a vast quantity of Scotch to assuage the tyrannical disturbance that raked him tonight. His tongue was loosely hung and a dim anger burned behind his hurt jaw, like the memory of an accident. "Listen, baby," he told her, owlishly, "I know plenty! I know plenty about Dick Ramsey and Jean Taylor. If I talked, the roof'd come off Hollywood."

Her eyes suddenly caressed him, black-gold onyx, ablaze with tenderness. "Let's go up to my place, at the hotel, after I get through here," she suggested. "I'm at the Wolcott, too. I like you, Jim." Her dark eyes, her whole face became, for the moment, a passion of appeal. "We'll have a few drinks and talk awhile. You're tired, poor boy! Either Dick Ramsey or Jean Taylor has mistreated you, haven't they?"

"Mistreated me plenty!" he sulked. "Say—if you knew what I know about Jean—"

"You know her well? Tell me about it. I'll bet you know!"

"I do! I cert'ly do! Know plenty. Know her better'n anybody. Know her mother, too, interferin' old hag!"

She wrapped her fingers around his, insinuatingly. If this man knew anything that would give her the whip hand of these two she hated—! "I'll get through here," she said, "and we'll talk."

Some indecision, tinged with fear, came over him, scattering his blowsy anger. A tense voice vibrated in his memory and froze his tongue. Dick's eyes, sharp as surgical steel, came to him, and he recoiled with fear. He dared not talk. "Never mind, baby," he said. "I'm drunk tonight. I'm not tellin' all I know. No, sir—not me! Say—I'm going to have a lot of money soon. Goin' back east, see? Before I go, how about you and me celebratin'? What d'ye say? I'll be in the big dough. Gonna buy a big car—"

"Sure," she agreed, softly, "why not?"

Tracy sat in Dick Ramsey's study, his face locked defiantly. Dick Ramsey was talking:

"I've got the money here, Tracy, in cash. Before I give it to you, however, you'll sign this little agreement I have here, prepared by my attorneys. Read it."

Tracy took the paper. It wasn't complicated; it merely acknowledged that he was accepting ten thousand dollars, in cash, as full settlement for any and all claims; he was acknowledging that he had practiced blackmail, on Jean Taylor. It meant that he was laying himself wide open. He looked up, his eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, his face bloodless. He had no alternative. This ten thousand would be the last, he realized. Dick was too shrewd to allow himself to be bled, indefinitely. He desperately needed money. In Dick's hands was a thick wad of bills.

"Okay!" he consented, suddenly. "I'll sign it."

He did. Dick threw over the packet of bills. He said:

"My advice to you, Tracy, is to move and keep moving. Outside of this little agreement, and a stretch in jail, there'll always be me to think of—if you ever talk. And I'm not a pleasant little guy when I get mad."

Tracy went. A burning anger glowed in him, but above that, there was a cold fear of the mad, arctic eyes of this tigerish young man, who looked capable of murder or any unutterable violence.

That night, bound for a preview, sitting beside her in his town car, while the chauffeur drove, Dick told Jean all about it. "He won't bother you," said Dick. "He's a coward, and he knows I'll take him apart



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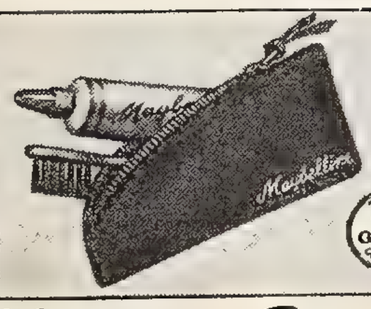
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if he opens his mouth. I had a man check up on him. He's still using the name of Jim Raeburn. He's registered that way, at his hotel."

She shivered as with cold. "I'm afraid of him, Dick."

"You needn't be, dear. He'll leave town, I promise you."

"Yes, but the trouble is, suppose he starts drinking again?"

"I'll take care of him." He looked down at her. Her exquisite youth was sheer sorcery. He bent his head and kissed her lips. "Mrs. Ramsey, why can't we leave town for the week-end? 'There's a small hotel, with a wishing well—'"

"Dick!" she whispered. "Darling! I'm afraid!"

"What of? I'm going to tell Glassman—"

"No, not yet, dear! Wait a while. Let Tracy get out of town. I don't want anything to touch you—"

"Look, Duchess, nothing will, because we've done no wrong—and I'm not going to sacrifice my whole life to publicity build-ups for the good of Mammoth's box office!"

"Listen, darling! Do something for me?"

"Anything!"

"Tell him to drive out Wilshire. It'll only take a few extra minutes."

"What do you want out there?"

"There's a beautiful church. I always wanted to be married in a church, Dick, with bridesmaids and candles and roses on the altar—" Her eyes were bright with mutinous tears.

"You funny little brat! So have I. Do you think it's more legal that way?"

They drove out Wilshire Boulevard and Jean pointed out the church.

"There!" she said. "That's it! Isn't it beautiful? Maybe—after awhile—we can get married again—in a church?"

"By God—we'll do it! And time out for a real honeymoon—in Hawaii!"

They drove on to the preview, after that. Before they arrived, Dick said:

"Think you can act the part assigned to you, Jean?"

"What part's that?"

"The part of an engaged girl. Engaged to Mr. Dick Ramsey, by order of the studio big-wigs—to fool the dear public?"

"I can try," she said, demurely. "Is it hard?"

"I'll cue you," he promised, solemnly. "Just follow my lead. When I kiss you—you just kiss back, hard."

"Shouldn't we have a few rehearsals," she asked, "so I'll get it right?"

"Brat!" he chuckled, tenderly.

(To Be Continued)



Bob Hope and two famous mothers—Gary Cooper's, left, and Mrs. Brough, Robert Taylor's mother.

Seven Stars Tell How to Chase the Blues Away

Continued from page 59

discovered, is very active. You may tell yourself that you don't care whether you go on living or not but you're careful of yourself just the same. At the end of the first chukker my gloom usually has lifted a little, like a fog. And by the time I've played a game I have a clean, spent feeling. I go home so tired mentally as well as physically that my brain no longer is up to deviling me."

Obviously we all can't play polo whenever that "Oh,—what's-the-use!" feeling descends upon us. It isn't polo itself, however, that brings Spencer out of it, it's that period of time during which his brain has no chance to sneak around to his troubles, real or imaginary. And any sport or task which requires the same concentration and taxes you as much will work just as well as polo.

If there is anyone who could be said to be justified in having had the blues during the past twenty years it is Billie Burke. When she married Florenz Ziegfeld she gave her life to him. She forgot Broadway and the theater and the bright fame that had been Billie Burke's. She even forgot Billie Burke. She was only Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, wife of a famous impressario, mother of a young Patricia, and mistress of a great house and rolling Westchester acres.

When Ziegfeld died she was truly bereft. Besides her grief there were debts, colossal debts. And she felt it incumbent upon her to pay them. Perhaps you can imagine how difficult it was for her, no longer a young woman, no longer a star, to move to the strange land of Hollywood and start a climb to fame all over again. It was, nevertheless, during Florenz Ziegfeld's life that Billie Burke tells me she suffered most from that intangible foreboding and sadness which we so rightly call the blues.

"Tremendous problems," she said, "great grief—such things as I've known since Mr. Ziegfeld died—have a way of bringing their own anaesthesia." Her speech was measured and gentle, not the gay cascade of words with which we associate her on the screen. "Besides, those things have drama. And that makes it easier for us to cope with them. It's the unaccountable presentiments and vague fears that get us down. I can remember many unhappy, restless days during my country life in Westchester. It isn't easy to be married to a man who has as much in his life as Flo Ziegfeld had. And I wanted my marriage to be happy and was willing to fight that it might be. Fortunately, I think, we lived in the country. When I found myself getting low I used to put my hat on and go for a walk. Those walks—and there were several I remember well—had a two-fold benefit. First they took my mind off myself. And that was excellent. Instead of looking inward I would find myself preoccupied with the color in the woods, in exploring a new path, in watching a little house go up while I speculated about the people who were going to live in it. That all helped me regain a perspective which had become lopsided, of course. Then, secondly, there was the exercise of walking and the breathing of fresh air to stimulate my circulation and the action of my glands. Which, in turn, stimulated me. My walks these days take me over rough brown hills instead of through green woods. And now I walk so I may be ready to face the cameras with equanimity and peace within me where I once walked that I might face my husband with those precious things.



Lynne Carver (yes, she can sing, too), faces a promising future in films.

But I still walk and with the same desired results."

Tyrone Power's blues are as young and romantic as he is. Tyrone never is bowed down with the temporary conviction that nothing is worth while. But there are times when his nerves act up to make him feverish with a wanderlust, when the only thing in the world he wants to do is get on a boat and watch the shore with all of its complications and petty annoyances drop behind the horizon. "Once," Tyrone says, "I went. And the further away I got the more seasick I got. And the more desirable the life I had run away from seemed to be." He reknotted the dark red kerchief he wore about his neck. "So now when I get that old feeling and travel posters send my blood pressure up sky high I call my own bluff. I walk right into the steamship offices and take all the literature they will give me. I also get figures on what the different trips would cost. Then, very maliciously, I remind myself of how a ship can pitch and roll at once. And with what results. Whereupon I come to. Whereupon I go back to work eagerly, praying it always will be there for me, and actually feeling sometimes as though I had been away and was darn glad to get back."

Olivia de Havilland is very young to be an expert on the blues, but she insists that is what she is. And she makes distinctions between different species of the blues too. She talks knowingly of the acute variety which, fortunately, last only a few hours or a day or two and of the chronic doldrums that leave you leaden and indifferent to everything for long weeks at a time. "Lesser depressions," says Olivia, "I can banish with music. Almost always. The emotional life music brings breaks my low mood and I'm on my way up again. But not so long ago my work went wrong, or I thought it did and that's just as bad, and trifling personal problems piled up until the accumulation of it all had me in a low state which lasted for three months and threatened to ruin me and my career. It was wretched. I turned numb. I had no reactions, even for things that always had moved me. I tried going to gay places but that didn't work at all. Enforced gaiety only works a temporary cure, if that. So I decided to go away. I went to visit congenial, sympathetic friends who live on Vancouver Island. I swam in cold water. I watched log-rolling. A huge derrick lifted the logs that crashed down the mountainside, clearing the ground in their way of all small trees and shrubs. It made me catch my breath. And that was my first

LUCKY BELLE OF THE ARCTIC

Explorers praise the beautiful smiles of the maids of the frozen north. Chewing tough, primitive foods keeps their teeth healthfully exercised, polished and strong. We dwellers in more civilized lands eat softer foods, giving our teeth too little healthful exercise.



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Class amused! Lana Turner, Paulette Goddard and Virginia Grey in "Dramatic School."

sign of recovery. It proved I was alive inside after all. I'd begun to doubt it! Wide horizons, they're infinitely better for us at such times than night life. Besides, if you possibly can get away from the people and the surroundings that have been the background for your depression you feel better immediately. For they constantly remind you of your apprehensions and problems and the one thing you must do is forget these things."

I asked Olivia if she had talked to her friends at Vancouver Island about her blue devils or pretended everything was all right, except that she was a little overtired. "I talked," she said. "And it helped! It acted as a carthasis. It seemed to relieve me of some of my ridiculous gloom. But there have been times when talking made things worse for me, when I depressed myself further by everything I had to say. So whether or not you should talk must, I'm afraid, be decided anew every time. Unquestionably much depends upon those you talk to. For it depends to whom we talk how we talk. When we talk to those who are intelligent we instinctively strive for an impersonal and objective point of view in what we have to say. That helps! Whereas when we talk to those who are sentimental we're encouraged to drop our sense of humor and wallow a little in self-pity. And that's very bad!"

Youngsters like Olivia always make me certain that I suffer from arrested mental development. They know so much! Take Olivia, for instance, who is not much more than half my age, and who knows things I'm just learning. It's enough to give me the blues. Wide horizons, Olivia said. And Jimmy Stewart recommends them too.

"I'm a worrier," Jimmy says in the same serious, puzzled way you adore in him on the screen. "My thoughts have a way of stewing. Even when I don't show it and even when there really isn't anything for me to stew about. So you can imagine how I fussed not long ago when I'd been ill and off the screen for five whole months."

There was a short silence while Jimmy went to work on a chicken pot-pie and a plate of little hot biscuits. The waitresses in the Metro commissary always bring Jimmy extra portions; not only because he's always hungry and because he has to put on weight, but because he's so darn nice. "I always do the same thing when I'm low," he continued, finally. "I go out to the airport and I fly. Around six o'clock it's grand up there. You climb above the clouds and the heaven is blue and there's the sun going down. It's vast and the light is wonderful. But maybe that's a lot of stuff. Maybe what really gets you out of it is the fact that you don't have a split second to think about yourself if you're piloting the ship."

I think the color and the vastness up there have a lot to do with it, and I think Jimmy thinks so too. So, if you live near a flying field or an airport, give yourself a big treat the next time the blue devils swamp you, take a flight, at sunset if possible. The least it will do is remind you that you believe a lot of things you've forgotten all about—and that draught of spiritual wine will do you no harm.

Curious how definitely the cures for the blues which the stars employ indicate their personalities. When Joan Crawford gets all mixed up, when her lot seems hard, and when the things she doesn't have become much more important than the things she does have, she reads. And she reads biographies. Joan, and I say this in passing, not as news, is ambitious. She has come a long way but she has an even longer way to go if she is to please herself. Consequently she can ill afford to pay the toll which the blues exact. She needs every atom of her energy and her personal force and color every second of the time.

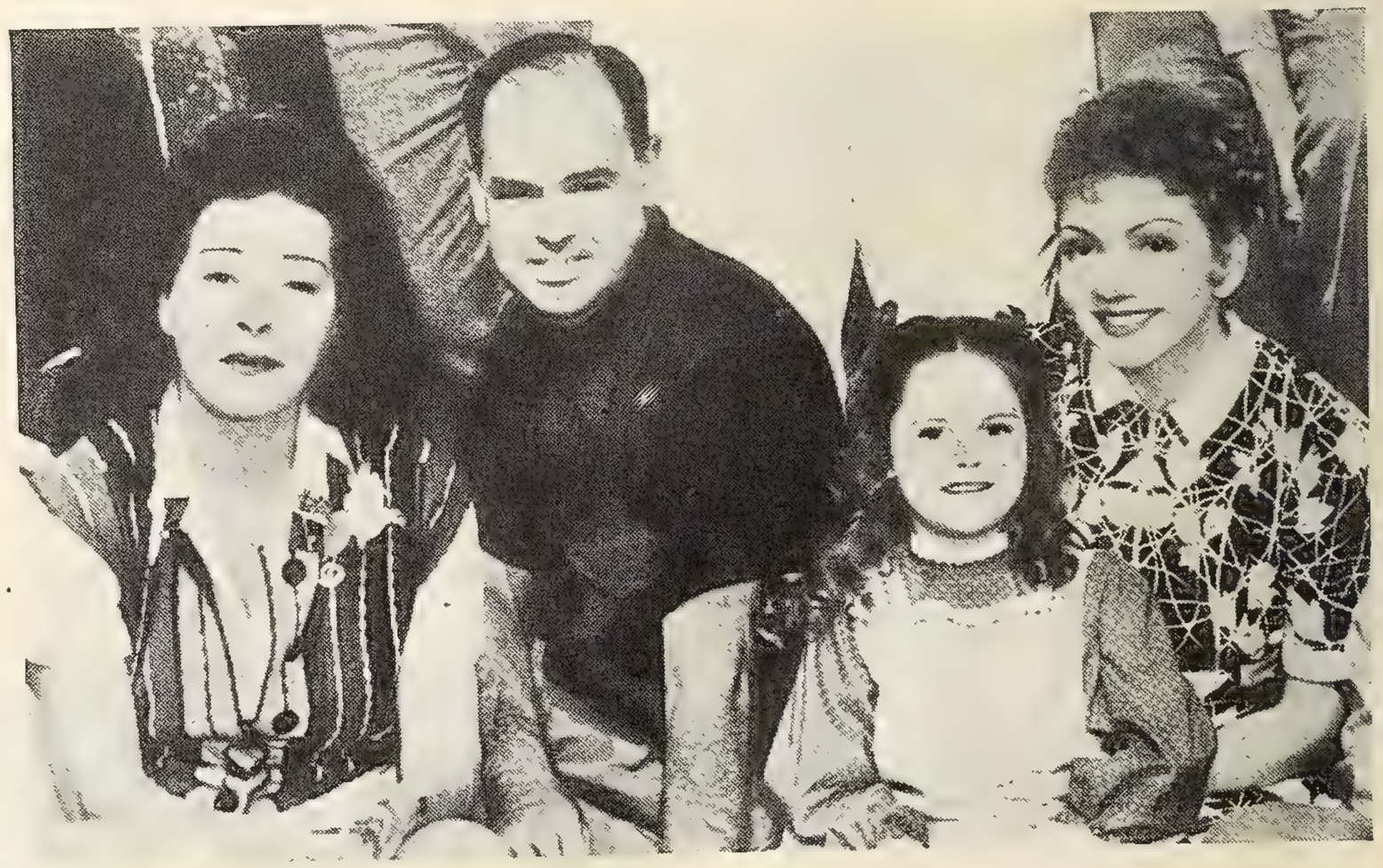
"When you read biography," Joan said in that lovely voice she has worked so hard to acquire, a voice which one of her friends refers to as "that cello in Joan's throat," "you know how few and how trivial your trials and disappointments and fears are compared to the trials and disappointments and fears others have surmounted in order to become great. Whereupon you despise yourself for a weak sister, for bowing your head and your heart before whatever it is that besets you. And this destroys any self-pity you've acquired, just about the worst symptom of the blues. In fact, once you get your self-pity well leashed you're usually well on your way back to normal."

Once upon a time the vapors were fashionable, for ladies especially. But not today! Today they're as outmoded as the other stuffy and neurotic standards and habits of the Victorian age. Today it's the thing to be fit and up and doing, *mentally and physically*. We still get the blues. But if we plan to do anything with our life we get rid of them—one way or another, like the stars.

Paris

Continued from page 63

Annabella was the third prodigal daughter to return. Of the three she struck me as being the happiest and to have gained more from her Hollywood experiences. Very soon after her arrival she gave a very gay cocktail party at which La Annabella was coffee, coffee colored and more blonde than ever. She explained that she had just finished "Suez" and as most of the film was shot out-of-doors she was constantly in the bright sunlight. She adored California. "When my youngest brother returns ask him how we love California. He is in college out there for a year. The producers don't like for us to bring our families, Naturally when we are together we talk French, which isn't good for our progress in English." Out of working hours, though she said that the French players generally foregathered. She spoke especially of her pleasure at being with the Fernand Gravet's and Charles Boyer's. Her first job on arrival here was to synchronize in French "The Baroness and the Butler,"



Mme. Nazimova, Dialogue Director James Vincent, Ann Todd and Claudette Colbert, who is the star of the picture, snapped on the sidelines of the "Zaza" set.

which she made in English with William Powell. After that she will do a film "Hotel of the North." When that is finished she hopes to have a bit of time to spend in her country place at Pyla, on the seashore. "I want to see if the roses in our garden, the lovely roses of France, are still blooming for us." She was not pleased with her rôle of Hungarian Baroness, her first Hollywood film, but she waxed enthusiastic over her rôle in "Suez." It's that of a French girl, a bit wild and savage. Also she dies at the finish and is buried with military honors which is out of the ordinary run of heroine parts. She raved about Tyrone Power and Loretta Young as acting companions.

While on the subject of 20th Century-Fox stars brings me to the travels of Don Ameche. Very gaily he arrived in Europe for a holiday. While in Holland he was stricken with appendicitis and had to have an emergency operation. I can think of many more amusing things to do than lying ill in a Dutch hospital. Darryl Zanuck, at the time also holidaying in Europe, took a plane to Amsterdam to cheer up the poor Don. As soon as he was able Don took a plane to Paris so that his recuperation days were spent in much more interesting surroundings. But he was not well enough to really "do" gay Paree before he was called back to Hollywood. We will hope for better luck on his next trip.

Jean Gabin who will be the partner of Simone Simon in her first French film is one of the real stars of the screen. It's hard to classify him. He is a fine, solid artiste with little of the theatrical glamor in his make-up. One of his big hits was "Pepe le Moko," re-made under the name of "Algiers," in Hollywood with Charles Boyer in the Gabin rôle. For months "Quai des Brumes" played here because of the fine acting of Gabin and Michele Morgan.



Serenade by Leo Carrillo and star Jane Withers, in "The Arizona Wildcat."

"Grand Illusion" is another grand film of Gabin's. In "La Bête Humaine" Gabin plays the part of an engineer on a train, and for practical experience he has been driving engines on real trains. Most likely, if a lot of the passengers realized the great star was at the brakes their hearts would have beaten faster, for several reasons.

The greatest stealer of scenes in France has now arrived at stardom, but I fear it will be difficult to cast him in stellar rôles. This is Jean-Louis Barrault. From the first time his gaunt, expressive face was seen on the screen it has always held rapt attention. In many of the films he plays the part of a youngster who rebels against his surroundings, and that's exactly the way he affects one off the screen. In Parisian surroundings his gleaming, restless eyes seem to be looking into far-off open spaces. In "The Seven Pearls of the Crown" he had a brief, colorful part as Napoleon in his younger days. In the last French film Charles Boyer made, Jean-Louis stole every scene he was in. Then, this last season, just to show us he is a real actor he returned to the stage to co-star with Alice Cocea in Moliere's "Le Misanthrope." The play was a huge success but Jean-Louis got restless at the monotony of playing the same performance every night and walked out in the middle of the engagement for the open spaces of the south of France. They have tried to lure him to Hollywood but he always says no!

The Paramount studio, near Paris, was the scene of great activity when I wandered in to see what I could see. On one stage Danielle Darrieux was making "Katia." Nearby Monique Rolland was doing her stuff in "The Lion Tamer." Still on another stage Vivian Romance was showing how red-hot her last name really is in a scene for "Gibraltar"' with our old friend Erich von Stroheim. Then, as a contrast I turned to the Royal trappings of "The Education of a Prince." The Prince in question was Robert Lynen. Playing with him was that dashing sex-appeal number from Roumania, Elvire Popesco. This lady is one of the bright stars of the French stage and only recently has consented to brighten the screen with her brilliant personality and amusing accent. She was the inspiration of "Tovarich" which she played at the Theatre de Paris for endless months. When I was watching the scenes, either the heat from the lights or the royal trappings upset La Popesco. Seven times they had to do the scene over. At the eighth time when we thought all was going well Elvire's false eyelashes wilted and fell off! After a little first aid treatment the ninth scene was perfect—eyelashes and all!

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Hope To Tell You

Continued from page 51

thing, my audience was ga-ga with beer. And for another, they'd built the building with an idea of deadening sound as much as possible, so the noise of the hammers and all wouldn't deafen the workers. And finally," said Bob, "what they could hear of my gags, they didn't like."

He added that for three months after that, his brother wouldn't even speak to him. "He had his reasons," Bob told me, his eyes twinkling. "I understand the other workers tried to kill him."

Bygones are bygones between Bob and his brother now, and they're the best of friends. In fact the brother, a writer now, under the name of Jack Townes, is collaborating with Bob on a play. Then Bob thought of one other thing that might have had something to do with his colossal failure that night at the factory. "You know how it is when people watch a home town kid perform," he explained. "Even if they want to like you, they're afraid to. They sit there thinking: "I know him, he's not *that* good."

Bob thinks of Cleveland as his home town, although actually he was born in London, England. But his parents settled in the Ohio city when he was a small child.

While he was growing up, and all through high school, Bob never thought of the stage. He never had time to plan any career, in fact, because he was always moving. He was a shoe clerk, he worked in a butcher shop, he was a soda jerker, he delivered flowers, he worked for an auto factory—all this while still attending school. He even went in for amateur boxing for awhile. "But in a couple of my fights," Bob said ruefully, "I hit the other man's hand with my chin so hard that I woke up in the dressing room. So I quit."

But all the time, without realizing it, he was preparing for a stage career. In the first place, he had a voice, inherited from his mother, who had been a concert singer in England. "I was always being invited to parties because of my voice," Bob admits. He was taking tap dancing lessons, too, not because he wanted to, but simply because his friends were taking them. His first professional engagement was in a comedy dance act with a girl partner. They got $10 a night around town, but when they were ready to take their act on the road, they ran into an obstacle. The girl's mother wouldn't hear of her going out of town. That broke up the act, and Bob teamed up with George Byrne, who is now part of a successful dancing team in England. Learning that Fatty Arbuckle was going to make a personal appearance in Cleveland and that a couple of other acts were needed, Bob and George attended the audition and landed the job. It lasted two weeks. But Arbuckle liked them and introduced them to the manager of a road-show musical comedy, who gave them a job. They danced, did a blackface act, and Hope sang in the quartet and doubled on the saxophone. If the show was in a hurry, he packed the scenery.

There's a sequel to the girl partner story. About two years after they broke up, Bob was back in Cleveland, headlining at the Palace Theatre. She came backstage to see him, absolutely heartbroken. "I've never seen a girl so sorry about anything," Bob laughed. "All she could say was: 'My mother—' over and over again." But she's married now, and very happy, Bob adds.

Hope and Byrne worked together for quite a while, in vaudeville and the New York show, "The Sidewalks of New York." After the show closed, there was another tour in vaudeville, but Hope was beginning to realize that a dancing act, unless it was sensational, wasn't much to base a stage career on, so the partners decided to work out a new act in Chicago. They booked Newcastle, Ind., to break the jump from New York. But they never reached Chicago together. Because the night their act opened in Newcastle, the manager of the theater asked Bob to announce one of next week's acts to the audience. Bob was in a spot, and fell back on his store of Scotch jokes in kidding the announcement. The audience began to roar. He was a terrific hit. Before he finished that announcement, he literally had an act worked out. So he and Byrne split up, and Bob went to Cleveland and later to Detroit. He deliberately sought bookings in night clubs, luncheon clubs, small neighborhood houses and stage parties, to perfect his act in the small time. Finally he was satisfied that it was perfected, so he went to Chicago.

It was in Chicago that Bob found the



Evalyn Knapp is a polo fan. See the gadget she wears on her lapel?

going really tough. No one would even give him an audition. Pretty soon he ran out of money, all except his fare back to Cleveland, but rather than touch that, he'd starve. He nearly did. "For three months," Bob told me, "I sat by the phone in my hotel, waiting for work, and no one would give me even a club date. Or I'd walk around to booking offices, my sheet music under my arm." Suddenly Bob laughed. "I wore a derby hat, and when I'd see someone I knew, I'd take it off and stuff the music into it, so I wouldn't look too much like a starving actor. You see," Bob explained, serious again, "it was just the same then as it is now. Bookers don't need you, they can get all the standard acts they want."

Those were really hard times. I asked him if he didn't think of giving up, then. But that never even occurred to him. He was positive he had a good act, and determined that he was going to get a chance to show it. He never thought any further ahead than that, never day-dreamed about what he would do when he was successful. "I didn't have time; I was much too busy trying to keep from starving." He told me more about that. "Before long," he said, "I was $4000 in debt, I had holes in my shoes, I was down to coffee and doughnuts. When I met a friend one day who bought me a luncheon featuring beefsteak, I had forgotten whether you cut steak with a knife or drank it out of a spoon."

That meeting with the friend was a turning point. He took Bob to a booker, telling the agent Hope was an excellent master of ceremonies. He gave him a $25 date. "It was just like finding platinum," Bob told me. Not the money alone, but the chance he got to prove he was right about his act

—it *was* good. It got laughs. "Getting laughs makes a ham of you," Bob smiled, "but it's the greatest feeling in the world!"

It was a small neighborhood house but before the second show the manager told Hope he could open the following Sunday in one of the larger theatres. He went there for three days and stayed six months. Then came tours in western vaudeville, and over the old Interstate Circuit, and finally New York. By this time, Bob had paid off his debt and accumulated $5000. Then he stormed Broadway, finally receiving an offer to play the Eighty-Sixth street theatre, in the spot next to closing. After the second show, offers of contracts poured in. He signed a three-year contract with the R-K-O circuit as a headliner. He took a screen test for Pathé, and immediately gave up all idea of ever entering pictures.

Bob laughed. "The Pathé rooster flew right off the studio roof, when they ran that test. He was muttering something about: 'If Bob Hope can lay an egg *that* big, I might as well give up.' I don't blame him. I started into the scene, and my pointed chin was on the screen for five minutes before *I* appeared. But I've learned a lot about camera angles, since then."

After that he appeared in the stage show, "Roberta." Other shows followed, including "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red, Hot and Blue." Radio called him next and he went on the air.

And all the time, thinking of that Pathé test, he kept declining movie offers, until finally Paramount battered down his resistance and signed him for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." He's enthusiastic about picture work, now. He feels an actor gets a better break in the films than on the stage. For one thing, you never see his mistakes. Only his best work gets on the screen. "All an actor has to say," Bob said, "is: 'I'd like to do that scene over,' and it's done."

He likes Hollywood, too, because you get more outdoor life here, and one of Bob's hobbies is golf. He was telling me about the match he and Bing Crosby played last fall for the championship of the entertainment world. I asked him how it came out. "I don't talk about the result," he told me with mock seriousness. "You know how it is—I was playing on a strange course, with strange caddies—"

Amateur photography is another hobby, and he owns both a Bell and Howell movie camera and a Leica still camera. Still another of his good habits is writing, which he says relaxes him. There's been some talk of Bob"s doing a daily syndicated feature in the near future.

It was while he was playing in "Roberta" four years ago that Bob met Dolores Reade, a night club singer in New York. Persistent as usual in going after what he wanted, he followed her to a club in Miami when her work took her there. In his own words: "There I grabbed her and married her." Dolores gave up her career when she became Mrs. Hope, but may decide to take it up again. If she does, there will be no objections from her husband.

Bob Hope has everything he wants now, and he means to hold on to it. He'll never take success for granted, as he might have if he'd been an overnight sensation. He'll work to keep as good as he is, and strive to improve. Because he knows what it is to struggle, to wait for "the breaks," to go without food and other necessities of life. That's why he says: "I don't want to forget the hardships, I'm thankful for the memory of them. They've taught me a better understanding of values, both in money and entertainment. They've taught me appreciation of the luxuries of life, now that I've got them at last. And," he ended determinedly. "I certainly mean to hold on to them."



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(Hollywood Star)
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*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success "The Lady Objects"

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1939 GIRL"

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Myrna Loy Is My Sister Continued from page 25

her convertible coupé there herself, and doesn't queen it when everyone starts to beam at her. She is a quick study with her lines, is most conscientious with each rôle. She hasn't been a skyrocket—she has plugged too hard to be flippant when she goes before the cameras, and she doesn't want to ever quit pictures. She gets a painful twang whenever that possibility hits her. Yet she is not completely engrossed with her rôle when she is working. She can come out of character between shots, and does. She never demands closed sets; she doesn't retire majestically to a dressing-room between scenes; she sits democratically in a canvas chair and talks to whoever's handy. She has, I'm glad to be able to say, a pretty keen reputation with the wardrobe women and crews. She's never torn up a gown in a rage, nor gone into a mood when the director had everything ready to start shooting.

She is sensitive to her surroundings, but doesn't demand that they be exactly what she wants. Things don't have to bend her way. She bides her time and enjoys herself at home. She is sentimental, but not sugary. She reacts strongly to good music. She is discreet, never embarrassingly candid. Not through policy, but because she doesn't like to hurt people's feelings.

We don't have to be prepared for anything around her, don't have to be careful not to upset her or be subtle. Myrna doesn't expect everyone to revolve around her, to pop when she shouts. She never shouts. She has no enemies because she doesn't believe you have to be ruthless to succeed. Only smart!

Brothers can fully appreciate sisters who aren't giddy and gaudy and whim-stricken. Myrna isn't a sudden, unpredictable "creature." She makes sense. She never had fool notions about running away and joining the Follies, never yearned to be the belle of Broadway or the toast of millionaire play-boys. She wanted to capture the captain of the football team when she was in high school. And he ignored her! Has she shown him, or has she? She hopes he drags his wife to see Myrna Loy and hopes his wife isn't clever enough to guess the scenario is an awful help!

The glitter of big cities has never overwhelmed Myrna. She's all for simplicity. If she were transported into a Park Avenue penthouse she'd be wide-eyed, but only for a brief spell—until she climbed aboard the train for California. She never even went to New York until after she'd made "The Thin Man." She is thrilled with the way her life has shaped up in Hollywood. She's never acted in a professional stage play, and never wants to. She has no aspiration to crash Blue Book society in the East. She wants to go on working in the movies and go on living in her convenient ranch-house with Arthur.

But she *was* a little dramatic as a kid. She starred in her own presentation of "Sleeping Beauty," in our basement, when she was eleven. She hammed magnificently all over the place. It was partially the latent actress in her, and partially the budding woman. She saw the new boy at school and decided the fastest way of intriguing him away from all the other girls was to impress him in that fashion!

She was named after a flagstop between Helena and Chicago. Dad saw the name Myrna while shipping a load of cattle from our ranch. She's the only one in the whole family with that tilted nose. She was a tomboy and a persistent dreamer. She'd sit on a fence alone for hours and hours wondering about her future. She decided on it at twelve, after a visit to Los Angeles. Dad had secured passes to Universal City and Myrna gaped and was convinced thoroughly of her acting tomorrows. She left private school because this ambition was frowned on. In public high school she was selected—not as the beauty, but to portray "spirituality, intelligence, and understanding" for a statue group for the building's front lawn.

She saw she wasn't a terrific beauty, so she specialized in dancing as her movie entrée. Soon she specialized in persistence. She wasn't raised to be a star, had no professional background at all. But what backbone! Her first screen test was a dismal fizzle. I remember that tragedy. She was depressed, but she bounced back. She tried parking in the casting office at Metro where she's now a star. They couldn't see a thing to her. Finally, after two weeks of sitting, she was hauled in for a test. But they wouldn't give her any make-up to hide her freckles, only used her as a clothes-rack to test a costume! She went back again and again. Her first bit was in a Ramon Novarro picture. Later she co-starred with him. Her second bit was in a Norma Shearer picture. She had lunch every day with Joan Crawford, who also "acted" a similar bit. They were mutual encouragers for three days. They drifted apart when Myrna had to do her rising by proving herself at every other studio before returning at Metro's request. Now Joan's dressing-room, in the star building, is directly across the hall from Myrna's.

I admire Myrna so much because I know how valiantly she stuck to her ambition to find success and love. She never gave up until she got there; never became bitter nor was hysterical when near-breaks flopped. It was a wonder those weird parts she played didn't go to her head. But they didn't. She was typed as an Oriental, as a slinking vamp. She hated those constant assignments. But she developed her perfect sense of humor then, for gradually she saw how useless it would be to resort to griping. She would be a little snob from the social register, if they wanted her to be that. Some day—!

Meanwhile, we continued to live in everyday American family style. Myrna's used to cousins and aunts and uncles and the give-and-take you inherit from pioneer stock. She didn't dare go hare-brained on us. She didn't consider herself "different" and get special treatment. She hasn't acquired any airs now. When she wants to go shopping she goes shopping; she doesn't take on about being "mobbed." She prefers the best seat at concerts, but doesn't crab if there are no good seats left. Next time she buys her tickets earlier. She reads a lot, mostly biographies, and goes to her favorite bookstore for her books herself. She isn't "above" anything, and that's why she is never bored. She's observant of little things and even in a room full of apparently dull people she can find some little thing that's amusing.

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She listens to advice agreeably, though she doesn't ask for it, and follows her hunches. She takes chances on them instead of being swayed by others. She knew what she wanted, still knows. The same things: success and love. She abhors liars, can spot insincerity and duck it. You can't fool her with phoney flattery, but she's happy when you give her a compliment she feels she's earned. She truly can stand the truth about herself, more than any woman I have ever known. She can look at herself objectively. Another credit: she doesn't let her mind go with the wind. She doesn't drive men nuts because it's convenient to be a woman and hence, supposedly, changeable. In other words, Myrna wouldn't phone for a roadster because the sun was shining, and switch half-an-hour later to a coupé because it had turned cloudy, if you get me.

Her home is her one extravagance. It's no palace by a long shot, but it's comfortable and attractive and there's a swimming pool shaped like the ol' swimmin' hole in Montana. Who else'd have such an idea? Flowers have always meant much to her. As a kid she would ride off and pick wild flowers beside prairie streams. Now she has acres of flowers. What's more, she gardens herself and you ought to watch her prune a tree! She is trying to learn how to cook, to please Arthur who is fond of excellent food. Keeps her help without any fuss. Her maid doubles between home and the studio. Myrna likes service because she's lazy. We have to get in some good cracks here, don't we?

Myrna is energy *plus* when working, and the reverse when not. She likes to sleep late and have breakfast in bed, then stay on in bed and read. She likes only pleasant exercise, like swimming and leisurely tennis. No routines for her! She doesn't waste much time on her beauty, nor too much effort on her wardrobe. She never wears slacks. She likes perfume when she thinks of it. She is an A-1 procrastinator—never does today what she can do tomorrow and then stalls until the last minute. She worships a comfortable chair. She doesn't mind taking portraits if she can be comfortable, lie on a couch!



Ann Sothern (mighty nice to see her after a too long screen absence), is the lady over whom Ralph Bellamy and Fredric March show such concern in this scene from "Trade Winds."

The secret of her poise? I was afraid we'd get to that! I'd say it's complete relaxation after she's done the best she could. There's nothing of the mannequin about her, no tenseness or artificial putting on. She doesn't worry—because, having done her best, she is wise enough to drop the matter. She doesn't tax her energy by stewing about what she might have done. If the scene wasn't right she doesn't discuss the point all evening; they'll see it in the rushes and they can do it over if they think it worthwhile. She holds her head up bravely, because there's no worry to drag her down. Not that she hasn't had plenty of cause for worry, but she has learned the folly of the habit. She doesn't live at high emotional, nervous speed because—why wear yourself out when there's a lot more to do?

She impresses me as being in "a mellow mood" these days. She's annexed Arthur's friends. Her marriage is what she dreamed it could be. She's adjusted herself to the man she loves, thoughtfully.

The other day her maid walked in appalled. Myrna often lets the maid take her coupé for errands. The girl had stalled it on the street car track and along came the trolley with a bang-bang. "Now don't be silly," said Myrna calmly. "Why worry? It's insured, and it wasn't your fault the blamed thing stalled on you!"

She refused to look at me the first two days I was a baby, because she'd been sent to grandma's and was indignant at being informed of my advent by a playmate at school. But she got over it. She never tries to boss me. Nice sister!



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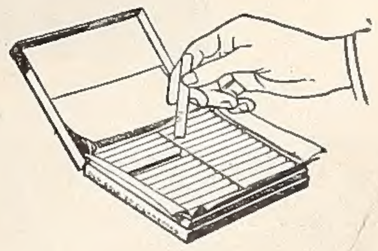
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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

The Lady Vanishes

Gaumont-British



Alfred Hitchcock, ace English director, spins a yarn—and How! It is something you mustn't miss if you like wit, smart action, delightful characterization flowing along on a swift current of mystery as an elderly woman's sudden disappearance becomes the concern of many contrasting figures aboard a train. Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redmond (grand new romantic lead) and others act it perfectly. Swell!

Stable-mates

M-G-M



A race track story with a "pals to the end" act put on as only Wally Beery and Mickey Rooney can do it, makes this an emotion-stirrer that will hold you from start to neck-and-neck finish as Mickey comes down the stretch a winner. Wally is the hoss doctor who has fallen on hard times and the evil ways of drink—until Mickey brings him out of it. Colorful race track background, swell acting—good show.

Personal Secre-tary

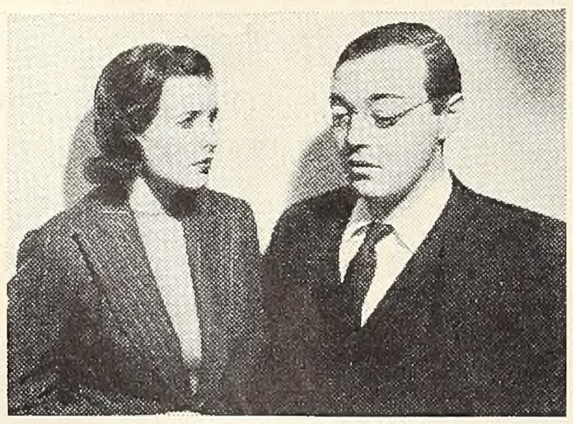
Universal



Joy Hodges and William Gargan as rival columnists, both solving a murder. Gargan uses Broadway tips for his "lowdown." Joy relies on astrology—swell idea if you can make it work as successfully as Joy does in this fantastic comedy melodrama. The two feuding writers eventually fall in love with each other, as you may have guessed. Andy Devine and Ruth Donnelly stand by with their effective brands of comedy.

Mysteri-ous Mr. Moto

20th Century-Fox



In the course of his continued and continuing crime detection, this Mr. Moto sure gets around. Here we go from Devil's Island to London, in the grip of an eerie mood of suspense as Peter Lorre in his Jap make-up digs to the bottom of an international ring of murderers, saving the life of pleasant Henry Wilcoxon and making a happy issue for Henry's romance with Mary Maguire. A baffler you'll enjoy.

Youth Takes a Fling

Universal



Girl-meets-boy romantics about a department store Cinderella in love with a chap who wants to be a sailor—until a tugboat ride makes him seasick and glad to be back on land with his girl. Far better than its obvious and annoyingly mechanical story, the film offers agreeable screen fare because of good direction and personable performances by Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea, Frank Jenks and amusing Dorothea Kent.

Straight, Place and Show

20th Century-Fox



The Ritz Brothers have the screen to themselves, practically, and if you don't laugh at them in this, you probably never will—which'll be your hard luck. There are only slight interruptions from a plot involving Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks in romance. There is also time for Ethel Merman to do two good song numbers. But this is the Ritz boys' show, and they give you everything they've got. Laughs here.

Come On Leather-necks

Republic



Cheers of the crowd and offers of good pay for playing professional football turn Richard Cromwell's thoughts from the Marine Corps after graduation from West Point. But Richard's dad has always wanted to see him in the Marines, and friends literally drag the lad to the Philippines, where the boy makes good. Not much to get excited about, is it? Individual scenes have a measure of interest, being well acted.

My Lucky Star

20th Century-Fox



Sonja Henie never was in better skating form that she displays in several numbers here. The "big show" finale, with its lavish *Alice in Wonderland* fantasy is something to see, though for all its scenic trappings, Sonja's graceful gyrations on skates provide the thrills. The story needn't amount to much under these conditions—and doesn't. In it Sonja goes to college and falls in love with Richard Greene, and *vice versa.*

Mr. Wong, Detective

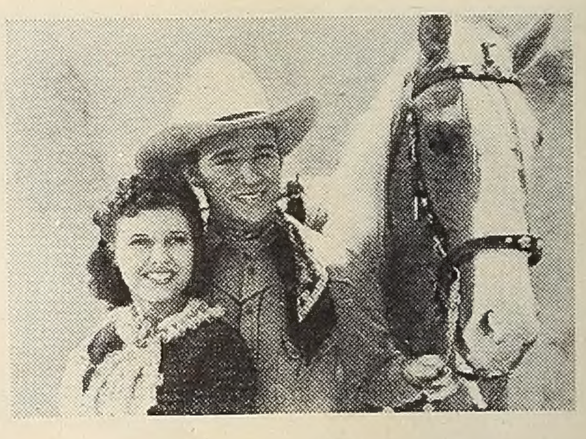
Mono-gram



Three murders, most cleverly accomplished, add up to a total of good whodunit pastime as Boris Karloff contributes another oriental characterization in the rôle of Hugh Wiley's Chinese detective. The murders are identical in their diabolical design, and a flock of suspects adds to *Wong's* and the spectator's mystification. Karloff, fine as usual, is supported by Grant Withers, Maxine Jennings, Evelyn Brent and others.

Billie the Kid Returns

Republic



Roy Rogers' second western starrer, and a slice of very active wild-and-woolly entertainment. Roy as the hero who resembles notorious Billie the Kid, is in double danger—from sheriffs after the bandit, and thieves trying to get the young deputy who is thwarting them. The star has a few good tunes to sing, and comedy support from Smiley Burnette. Lynn Roberts is the love interest in a good cast. Dandy western.

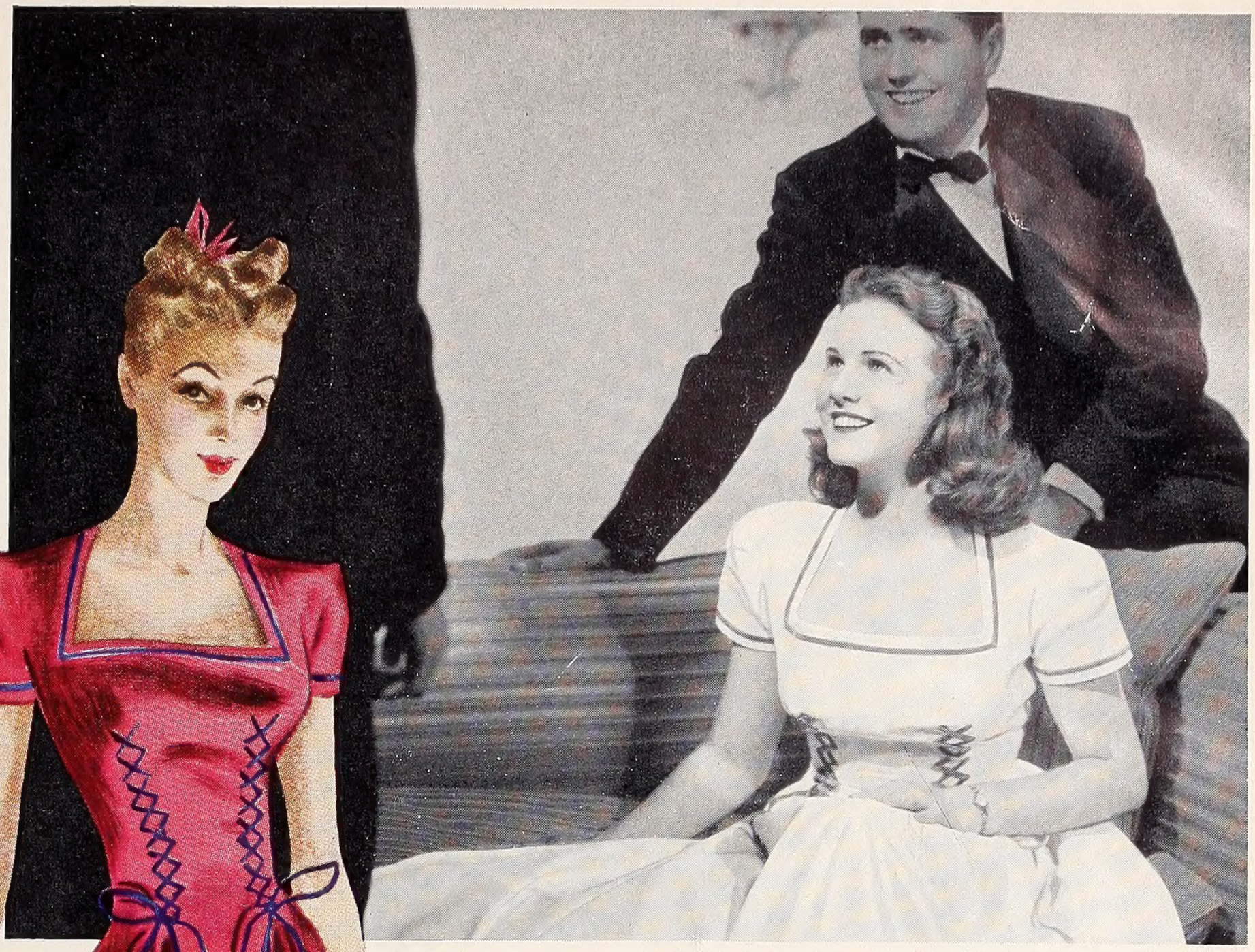
Under the Big Top

Mono-gram



Familiar ground for filmgoers, this is the story about a circus owner, widow, forced to adopt a little girl who grows up to be loved by all the performers and also to become a great circus star. The whole show is just a convenient piece of obvious plotting, but at times it becomes interesting because there are some effective bits of acting by Marjorie Main, Anne Nagel and Jack LaRue. Sentimental circus yarn.

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What every woman should know about her nerves



COCKER SPANIEL

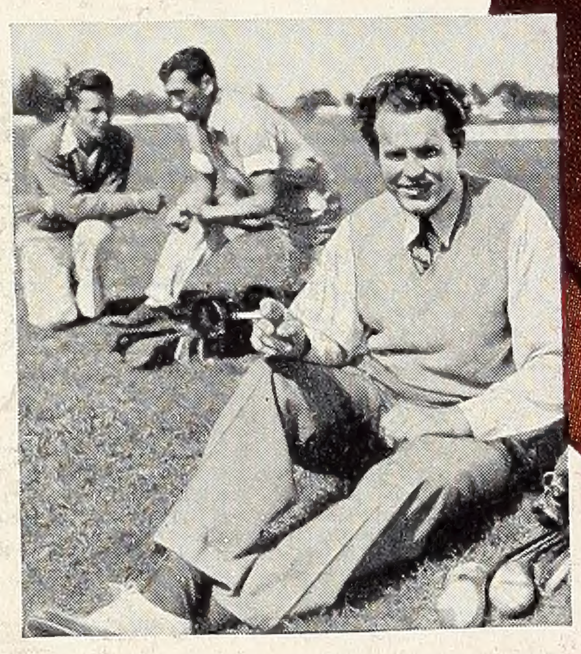
Spanyell family dates back to 1386. Cocker is smallest of family. Most popular pure-bred dog in U.S. Standard colors range from solid blacks, reds to shades of cream; liver red and combinations. Versatile in field. Lover of human family.

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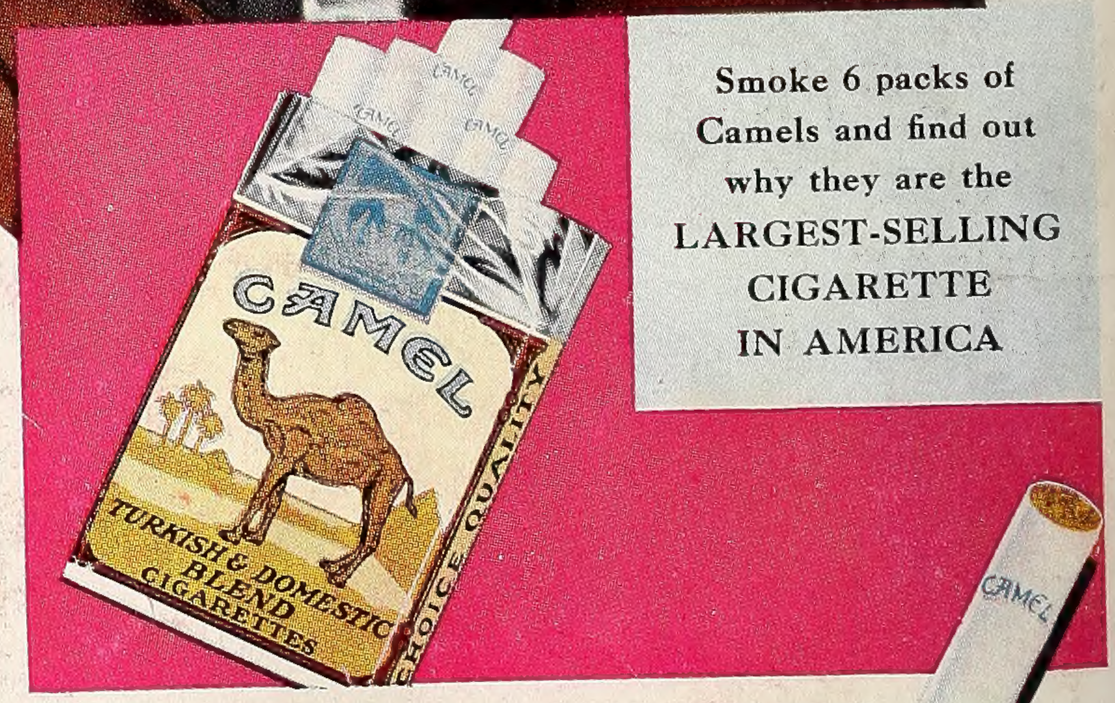
These happy busy people find more joy in living because they "Let up—*light up a Camel*"



"A NEWSPAPER JOB is one rushed assignment after another," says Estelle Karon, writer on a New York daily. "Honestly, I'd feel like a wreck if I didn't let up now and then. I ease up frequently and smoke a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. A bit of rest with a Camel helps me work better!"



RALPH GULDAHL, U. S. Open golf champion, reveals a bit of the "inside" story of his steady nerves. "I don't have to worry about my nerves. I've learned to ease up now and then—to take time for a Camel. And I've discovered that Camel is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"



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